

Zion's Herald.

Volume LXXV.

Boston, Wednesday, May 5, 1897.

Number 18.

Zion's Herald.

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ALONZO S. WOOD, Publisher.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Price, \$3.50 per year, including postage.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

Captain-General Weyler, having informed the authorities at Madrid that the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara have been "pacified," the Queen Regent has signed and dispatched the decree which confers upon those western districts of the island an autonomous form of government. The species of home rule which is to be applied is based on the reform law passed on March 15, 1895. It creates a council of administration—a majority of the members to be elected by Cubans—which will exercise supreme control subject to certain supervisory authority by the home Government. That the gift will be repudiated by all but the Spaniards who live in these western provinces, goes without saying. Not autonomy, but independence, is the watchword of the islanders.

Some months ago, at the request of Ambassador Bayard, the manuscript log of the "Mayflower," which was discovered in the library of Fulham palace—carried to England probably before the Revolutionary War by Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, who collected historic material—was produced before the ecclesiastical court of London and an order was issued that it be transferred to the custody of this country. That it formerly belonged here was made evident by an inscription which it contains. The log is full of interesting information in regard to the original settlers of the New England States up to the end of the first twenty-eight years of the colony. The transfer was made last week to Mr. Bayard in person, although application had been made by Col. John Hay, our present ambassador, that the relic be turned over to him. Mr. Bayard promised to place it in the hands of the Governor of Massachusetts.

Mining in the Yukon Valley, Alaska, is no longer interrupted by the rigor of winter; it is carried on every day of the year. Some \$5,000,000 in gold was taken out last year; and the output this year, it is expected, will be double that amount. About 3,000 men are at work there, five thousand miles from Seattle by steamboat, and yet only a small fraction of the gold-bearing district has been touched; it has been chiefly placer-mining thus far. Even but a small portion of the surface gold-bearing dirt has been taken. There is said to be enough of the yellow metal along the creeks that empty into the Yukon and the adjacent canyons to bear working for the next hundred years. The mineral wealth is simply incalculable. It was a fortunate stroke for this country when Secretary Seward negotiated the purchase of this valuable Territory—a Territory in area twelve times as big as the State of New York.

If the prevalence of illegitimacy is to be taken as a test of the morals of a people, Ireland of all European countries must be reckoned the most virtuous, for the ratio of births outside wedlock in the Emerald Isle is only twenty-six in every thousand. Russia and Holland stand close to Ireland in this list; then come England, with a rate of forty-eight, and Scotland, with a rate of eighty-two; in Italy and France the rates are respectively seventy-four and eighty-two per thousand. The countries that are ignobly distinguished as having the highest rates of illegitimacy are Sweden, Saxony, Bavaria and Austria; in the latter the rate is one hundred and forty per thousand; in other words, the foundlings in Austria are

over five to one of those in Ireland. Coming to this country and to our own State, we certainly have reason to blush, for, according to the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, "at present about one child in fifty is illegitimate."

The Centennial Fair at Nashville.

It was formally opened on Saturday last. All the main buildings are complete, and 90 per cent. of the exhibits are in position. The Government and Education buildings are still unfinished, but work on them is progressing rapidly. The Art display is said to be superior to that of the World's Fair. This collection is placed in the Parthenon, a replica of the work of Phidias. A description has already been given in these columns of the principal buildings—for History, Commerce, Education and Hygiene, Agriculture, Machinery, Transportation, Minerals and Forestry; besides the Woman's, the Negro's, and the Government's structures. There are nearly fifty buildings in all. Instead of the "Midway Plaisance," Nashville has a "Vanity Fair," containing the usual native "villages" and shows, and including a giant saw in place of the Ferris Wheel. The musical features will be well cared for, and the electrical lighting and illumination at night "will be exceptionally grand and beautiful." Tennessee's growth since she became a State (June 1, 1796) has been rapid—from 261,727, according to the census of 1790, to 1,767,518 by the last census. She has been honored in furnishing to the Union three Presidents.

A Prosperous State.

Nine Southern States have an aggregate deposit of \$9,813,659 in their savings banks; but nearly half of this, or \$4,522,247, belongs to South Carolina alone, and this by no means represents her total savings, for her numerous mills borrow money from their operatives and pay them interest, and this, of course, is not counted in the above figures. More than a million spindles are at work in the State, the capital, of course, being drawn from the North and East. South Carolina is wonderfully favored in climate, fertility, and natural resources; this explains, in part, her growing wealth. In the Tariff debate, one of her Congressmen made some interesting statements. In 1890 a prize of \$1,000 was offered for the largest yield of corn from one acre; it was won by a farmer who harvested 255 1/4 bushels. Another prize was won by a farmer who raised from 100 acres products which yielded \$3,726.45—the products ranging from forty-eight bales of cotton to four hundred dozen eggs. About one-fourth of the entire rice crop of the country in 1893 came from South Carolina, and the harvests of corn, oats, wheat, to say nothing of cotton and tobacco, were remarkable for that Southern climate. Fruit is abundant and of great variety. Ten million acres are covered with yellow pine, and the annual product of the turpentine stills is \$3,000,000. The phosphate deposit is found sometimes a foot thick, yielding up to a thousand tons to the acre. And these are but specimen statements, going to show that in respect of resources and making the best use of them, this Southern commonwealth is not only highly favored, but is making commendable progress.

The Greek Collapse.

The advance of the Greeks into Macedonia and their first successful grapple with the Turks raised high expectations; but these were speedily quenched by their shameful panic and stampede from Mati to Pharsala. Even their foes were astonished at their cowardly abandonment of Larissa. A conspicuous lack of leadership on the Greek side has been apparent from the first, together with a lack of organization. This was illustrated by the division of the Greek force—the sending of an army to Epirus when the main body was confronted by overwhelming numbers of the enemy on the Thessalian frontier. Greek inex-

perience in fighting has also been made manifest; for seventy years the kingdom has enjoyed comparative peace, while the Turks are trained soldiers. Even the Greek naval commanders seem to have lost their heads; they might have captured Salonica; instead, they wasted their ammunition in unimportant assaults. General Smolenski, who is now in command at Pharsala, may retrieve by some brief success the lost military prestige, but at last accounts the Turkish cavalry was operating in his rear, and if Velestino is taken, he will be compelled to fall back. The change of ministry at Athens was made necessary by popular resentment—not altogether undeserved—against the King and the Crown Prince. M. Ralli, the new premier, takes command too late to fight the ship—he can only hope to make the best terms possible with the Powers, who are ready to intervene when asked. It is probable that he will succeed in averting a revolution and in preserving the present dynasty. The Balkan States quieted down on hearing of the Greek reverses. On the other hand, Turkey, having demonstrated her fighting ability, has become more than ever unmanageable.

Utilising Rubbish.

Two hundred school children in Newark, N. J., have pledged themselves to help street-cleaning by each one picking up at least one piece of waste paper, or orange peel, or banana skin, on their way to or from school. Better than this is the plan introduced into several public schools abroad. In Brussels the teachers asked the children to bring to them at school whatever cast-off stuff they might find in the streets—the cans, tin foil, bottle capsules, old paint tubes, scraps of metal. In eight months the collection aggregated 7,781 pounds. This was sold, and the proceeds applied so as to completely clothe 500 poor children and send 60 sick ones to recuperation colonies. The lessons incidentally taught in tidiness and thrift were simply invaluable. New York city possesses in Colonel Waring a street-cleaning commissioner who is alert to the possibilities of the rubbish heap. He has figured up how much can be saved by utilizing what is regularly thrown away. On the basis of an estimate of half-a-cent daily waste for each person, he calculates an annual income to the city of \$3,750,000—enough to pay the entire cost of the Street Cleaning department and the additional cost of sprinkling the streets. To test his estimate he has started on a plan of assorting the refuse of the city, other than ashes and garbage, and picking out everything of value. The refuse will be dumped on an endless belt about fifty feet long and four wide, and men standing on either side will pick out whatever is salable, the rest being conveyed to a furnace. This experiment will be watched with interest.

A New Era in China.

The war with Japan started it. The defeat of the great empire by an insular power not as large as any one of half a dozen of its provinces, set the educated classes in China thinking. The result was a change of sentiment toward foreigners. In the large treaty ports the insulting terms with which a foreigner used to be greeted when he ventured into the native quarter, have ceased—all due to the influence of the literati, who practically rule China. Further, and more remarkable than this, instruction in the English language and in the western sciences has been made compulsory in the higher schools of the leading provinces. In Shanghai, Hong Kong and Canton schools for instruction in the English tongue (more than twenty in two months in the latter city) are now not only opened, but liberally patronized—a fact almost incredible to one familiar with Chinese views and sentiment. Even in the turbulent province of Hunan English books are being introduced. The American and English missionaries are no longer treated with contempt; all that feeling has passed

away, and their schools are thronged with students eager to acquire a knowledge of English and of science. The Japanese success is attributed to the fact that they have welcomed Occidental ideas, and, though formerly Buddhist, have become semi-Christian; and the ruling classes among the Chinese are determined that they will not be outdone in the future by the Japanese. Further than this, the Government encourages this new awakening by putting an English inscription on one side of the new trade dollar coined at the Peking mint. Correspondents writing from Shanghai regard these changes as "little short of miraculous."

The English in Delagoa Bay.

This famous Bay in Southeast Africa, for the possession of which Portugal, the Transvaal and Great Britain contended over twenty years ago, and which was awarded to Portugal by President Thiers of France, acting as arbiter, has practically passed under English control; that is, Sir Cecil Rhodes, during his visit to England, succeeded in arranging with King Charles' government for the purchase of Inyati Island which lies at the entrance. Admiral Rawson has already taken possession of this island and has begun to fortify it. This move on the part of Great Britain will be resented by the Boers, because Delagoa Bay is their only outlet to the sea, except through British territory; and no supplies can enter or leave that Bay hereafter except by British permission. Further, in the inevitable and impending conflict with the Boers, this island will afford to England a convenient base of supplies. Germany, too, will resent this coup, for she can no longer use this Bay as a landing-place for war material which she is secretly sending to the Transvaal government. It cuts her off from any further demonstrations of sympathy for the Boers of a practical nature. In short, it will probably turn out that this purchase of Inyati Island was the turning-point in the realization of the dream of British domination in South Africa.

The Postal Congress.

It convenes in Washington on Wednesday of the present week. It will be in session about a month. Over one hundred accredited delegates, representing from sixty to sixty-five civilized governments, are expected. The deliberations will be conducted in the French language, when the sessions are secret. The principal business of the Congress will be the revision of the treaty signed at the last meeting, held in Vienna in 1891. The system of rates charged by intermediary governments for mails in transit to other countries has proved to be excessive in many instances, and an effort will be made to reduce or abolish them. A simpler method of settling accounts will also be considered, the work at the Bern office (which acts as a clearing-house for the Union) having become too intricate. It will be remembered that this country made the first move towards securing an international agreement governing the world's interchange of mail-matter. Mr. Seward proposed a conference thirty-five years ago, which resulted in a representative meeting of fifteen governments in Paris in 1863. It was not, however, until 1874 that the first formal congress was convened, at Bern, and a union formed by which twenty-two nations and colonies were constituted "a single postal territory for the reciprocal exchange of correspondence between the post-offices." The second congress was held in Paris in 1878. Several other countries and colonies joined it, and the title was adopted of "The Universal Postal Union." Lisbon and Vienna were the next meeting places of the Union, in 1885 and 1891 respectively. The Austrian authorities expended nearly \$250,000 in entertaining the delegates. Postmaster General Gary is doing the best he can to provide entertainment for the present meeting, the appropriation proposed for the purpose by President Cleveland having failed to pass. The only countries now outside the Union are China, Korea, and the Orange Free State. They will probably seek admission at the present session.

GOD'S PLOW OF SORROW.

God's plow of sorrow! Sterile is
The field that is not turned thereby;
And but a scanty harvest his
Whom the great Plowman passeth by.
God's plow of sorrow! All in vain
His richest seed bestows the sod;
And spent for naught the sun and rain
On glebes that are not plowed of God.
He ploweth well, He ploweth deep,
And where He ploweth angels reap.

God's plow of sorrow! Gentle child,
I do not ask that He may spare
Thy tender soul, though undelled,
Nor turn it with His iron share.
Be thine His after-rain of love;
And where His heavy plow hath passed
May mellow furrows bear above
A hoiler harvest at the last;
He ploweth well, He ploweth deep,
And where He ploweth angels reap.

God's plow of sorrow! Furrowed brow,
I know that God hath passed thy way;
And in thy soul His heavy plow
Hath left its token day by day.
Yet from the torn and broken soil,
Yes, from thy loss, and from thy pain,
He hath due recompense of toll,
Be sure He hath not plowed in vain.
He ploweth well, He ploweth deep,
And where He ploweth angels reap.

God's plow of sorrow! Do not think,
O careless soul, that thou shalt lack!
God is affield, He will not shrink;
God is affield, He turns not back.
Deep driven, shall the iron be sent
Through all thy fallow fields, until
The stubborn elements relent,
And lo! the Plowman hath His will!
He ploweth well, He ploweth deep,
And where He ploweth angels reap.

—ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE, in *Independent*.

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

A Reminiscence.

Rev. Ozora S. Davis.

IT was a sultry July night in the large auditorium of Stone Hall in Northfield, during the Students' Conference of 1897. The seats were all filled to overflowing with the students and town's-people, the spacious platform was occupied by the choir and conference leaders, and to a speaker there could hardly be a more inspiring audience than that body of intent, earnest young men. We had been led into the expectation of good things. Not many days before, Professor Drummond had delivered the address on "Modes of Sanctification," echoes of which had been ringing in the minds of the fellows from the evening on which it was spoken. In fact, he had won the hearts of every one at the start, when he opened the sessions of the conference on the afternoon of the last day of June.

The preliminary services of song were at an end and the time for the address of the evening had come, when the tall, alert figure of the man whom we had suddenly grown to love stepped forward and took a position free before us all at the side of the small desk at the centre of the platform. He carried a little Testament with him—a book with which we were familiar, having seen it often in his hand before. And then, in that sweet, clear voice, just colored so delicately with the Scotch accent that it possessed a mighty charm for Yankee ears, he began to read at the thirty-first verse of the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians. This, he remarked, should always be read with the following chapter. And then there followed *extempore* from his lips the wonderful exposition of the chapter thus introduced.

We had always listened with eager interest to the words of Professor Drummond, but this evening he seemed to be speaking to our hearts as never before. I can still see the winsome expression on his kindly face, still hear the softly modulated tones of his voice, and almost feel as I felt it then the spell of that hour. It was all so simple, so sincere, and so dwelt in by something that seemed divine! I went back to my tent at the edge of the little ravine near Marquand Hall and thought it all over again, and then my tent-mate and I talked about the words that we had heard in low tones that seemed to fit the mood that we were both in.

This was the address that was published in "A College of Colleges" some weeks later under the title, "Love—the Supreme Gift," and was later revised and circulated in its own and other languages the world over under the title, "The Greatest Thing in the World." It is a message of inspiration as one reads it now, but it was a still more splendid thing when it came that night warm from the heart of him who was

called away from us at Tunbridge Wells so lately to learn the full secret of the Father's love in the house not made with hands.
Springfield, Vt.

THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENTS OF THE CENTURY—"THE FAITH-WORK."

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

JOHANNES EVANGELISTA GOSSNER, born at Hausen, near Augsburg, in 1773, and dying in Berlin in 1856, at the age of eighty-five, has been called "the father of faith-missions." This is a very imperfect term to describe a movement which needs some descriptive, definitive title as one of the conspicuous developments of the century. With the name of Gossner we must associate the names of August Hermann Franke of Halle, George Müller of Bristol, J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, and many others who have, in a peculiar sense, gone into work with God under the inspiration of their faith and prayer and with peculiar dependence upon Him.

To some people it seems invidious to talk of "Faith Missions," as though other missions were not carried on upon the principle of faith. Yet, if we are to learn God's lessons from history, we must not be jealous concerning words and names, nor must we be too proud, self-willed, or sensitive to admit our errors or our deficiencies. Obviously there are two classes of activities which we find among disciples. In one class the so-called "business" methods and principles lie at the basis. The church, local or general, takes up an enterprise, calls to its aid its strongest and wisest counselors, and forms a board; then goes about its proposed work on the basis of worldly prudence—it will cost so much to carry it on, and so much must be raised by contribution. Accordingly, the most vigorous appeals are made for money and for men—the main dependence is upon thorough organization and wise administration. If the funds fail, there must be new appeal. No forward step must be taken without a sufficient guaranty, better still, without the supply of material in advance to assure success. God's blessing is sought, of course, by all true disciples, and no fault can be found with those who carry into the Lord's work the principles that are practically found to assure to worldly enterprises the greatest prosperity and progress. Why, then, it is asked, are not all such church activities Scriptural and apostolic? And is it not Pharisaic and pretentious to describe other enterprises of disciples as "faith work," as though nobody else had any faith?

Let us be humble, and let us be candid. It is possible to do work for God, and yet give undue emphasis to its human side; or rather, give too little emphasis to its divine side. We may do really Christian work in the energy of the flesh rather than in the energy of the Spirit; we may practically trust more to human wisdom than to Divine direction; we may put prayer behind our activity rather than before it, thus reversing the true order which puts prayer always first, and may depend more on appeals to men than on appeals to God. And if we read God's lesson rightly, here is precisely the providential meaning of these faith movements. They are designed by God to make more vivid and prominent to our faith the presence and power of a prayer-hearing God—to make more real the actual providential administration of the Lord Jesus in the affairs of His kingdom, and the actual gracious administration of the Holy Spirit in applying the truth to human souls and enlisting believers in a true co-operation with God and each other. It is a great help to us to get a view of missions, for example, as

The Enterprise of God,

for which He is supremely responsible; to feel that He alone can select and separate and send forth His chosen laborers; that He alone can open wide and effectual doors, and meet and drive back the many adversaries; that He alone can move the people to give themselves, their sons and daughters, or their money; that He alone can lift them to the high level of prevailing prayer, and stir them to loving, passionate sympathy with lost souls; and that consequently it is of first consequence to keep in living, loving contact with God, that our prayers be not hindered; to use only Scriptural and spiritual methods in appealing to men, or in raising funds; and that there are times and matters in which we may safely, trusting in His leadership, take bold steps in advance, where, at the time, no human guaranty is furnished for success; as when, at Jesus' command, twelve disciples undertook to feed with five loaves and two fishes five thousand men, beside women and children. Faith counts on God as the Invisible Administrator, who can do things impossible with men, can open doors with a word or a will, thrust forth laborers, put the right man in the right field, supply all the money needful at the moment of need, and, in a word, do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. Faith sees that God is honored by being trusted, that believing is not presuming, that the audacity of faith is sometimes really the humility of dependence and the courage of obedience.

We thank God for the faith work, which is one of the great inspirations of our day in service to God and man. We thank Him even for the rebuke it has often administered to our hesitating unbelief, our secular methods, our unscriptural appeals, our dependence on man, our resort to worldly methods for raising money, our despair in great straits. We thank

Him for showing us, by so many examples, that He is more jealous and zealous for His work than any of His workmen; that He holds the keys of the situation, and that the government is upon His shoulder.

The actual character of the faith movements of our day can best be understood by examining the men and the methods themselves, and again letting philosophy teach us by examples. No miracles in apostolic days were more real as manifestations of the power of a present God than some of these modern triumphs of faith which furnish a supplement to the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The name and form of

George Müller

always come to the front whenever we refer to faith work. The Fifty-seventh Report of the New Orphan House and his kindred enterprises is now before us, reaching to May 26, 1896. And it is still a record of blessing received in answer to prayer. Mr. Müller started over sixty years ago to demonstrate how much might be accomplished by believing prayer, that the weak faith of disciples might be strengthened. This, as he constantly reiterates, was his own great desire and design. And what is the result? The various schools, from the beginning, have had over 121,000 pupils, with constant conversions, sometimes over 100 in one school in one year. But only believers are allowed to teach, and only believers who are known as having power in prayer. It is computed that at least 10,000 of these pupils have been led to Christ. During this same period there have been circulated in various parts of the world nearly 2,000,000 copies of the Bible, or portions thereof, and over 108,000,000 of books, pamphlets, and tracts. Missionary operations have been carried on or aided in twenty-five different lands and countries, and hundreds of missionaries aided in their work, through whom tens of thousands of souls have been brought to Christ, and from the one church organized by Mr. Müller in Bristol, sixty brethren and sisters, forty of whom are yet engaged in labor, have gone forth.

All this is beside the orphan work, of which it is recorded that during the thirty years past over 3,000 orphans have been converted while in the institution, beside hundreds who have found Christ after they had left its walls. And the total amount of money disbursed for all purposes during these sixty-three years is now upwards of seven millions of dollars. Here is an annual present expenditure for the orphan houses alone of £22,000, or about \$110,000. And all this money comes, with all other supplies, directly in answer to believing prayer. Beyond the annual report, no statement of the financial condition of the institutions is ever made to the public, and even the report never appeals directly for any aid. For sixty-three years Mr. Müller has never, even in the greatest straits, asked one penny of any human donor, or resorted to any method whatever of obtaining money or other supplies except believing prayer. Even the helpers, who meet daily for united supplication, are cautioned not to mention, outside, the wants of the orphans, lest it should even seem that they were looking to other aid than the Divine. And yet supplies have never once failed in over sixty years. The first donation Mr. Müller ever received for the orphan work was a shilling. Last year £23,500! And yet he says he can ask God as confidently for twenty thousand pounds as, when he began, for a shilling.

If any one would like to find the principles of faith work expounded by Mr. Müller himself, let him read those remarkable volumes known as "The Lord's Dealings with George Müller." In expounding the principles on which his own work is carried on, Mr. Müller emphasizes more fully another law which is not expressly stated hitherto—that God only is acknowledged as the patron of the work, and all appeals for help are to be addressed to Him in believing prayer; that success is to be gained, not by the amount of money given, etc., but by the Lord's blessing; and that while desirous to avoid needless singularity, the one aim will be to go on simply according to Scripture, without compromising truth. To one who would study these faith movements, we can safely commend Mr. Müller's own story, which is presented with a minuteness of detail which leaves no particular feature wanting to give insight into both method and motive.

Johannes Gossner,

the humble pastor of the little Bethlehem church in Berlin, had no thought of being a leader in a new movement, or, above all, a "missionary founder." He simply walked, a step at a time, after the Divine leader, venturing to put faith in the words of God, and not discount His promises by unbelief, or by limiting them to the apostolic period, or some remote time. The story is fascinating in its successive steps, showing how marvelously God leads a willing soul who is courageous enough to follow. Three or four artisans sought him for advice, when they felt the burning fire shut up in their bones, and were weary with forbearing; felt that they must preach the Gospel in the regions beyond. But when he would not give them aid or approval, they begged, at least, what he could not withhold—a partnership in prayer that God would guide them. He consented, but it was perilous for unbelief, for he found himself praying sympathetically, and at last fervently, until the sympathy of prayer became a sympathy of service. Then he went another step, and began to give them positive help. They came to him when their day's work was over, and Gossner became

to them an educator, training them in such knowledge of the Word of God, and the truth according to godliness, as he found lacking. He had suddenly and unconsciously established a training-school.

Now comes the next step. To encourage men to go forth to the world-field without first running the round of the regular curriculum of classical and theological training, was an ecclesiastical heresy which subject Gossner to a fire of criticism. Yet he was so sure that he had followed, though at first reluctantly, the leading of God, that the assaults of his accusers only confirmed him in his course. He shut himself in with God for prolonged prayer, and he found the shield of faith still able to quench the fiery darts hurled at him as an innovator, introducing customs not lawful for his brethren to receive neither to observe—being Germans. But he could not act independently of the approval of his brethren without also cutting loose from their pecuniary aid. And so Gossner thrust his self-trained workmen forth in sole and simple dependence on God for all needful supplies. We emphasize this, for it was the distinctive characteristic of the Gossner Mission, and it was this which God ordained should be an example to others who should afterward dare to trust God after the same sort. Gossner remembered our Lord's solitary injunction when He showed His disciples the fields that were white for the sickle: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest," and he remembered the singular illustration of the working of this principle in the Antiochian Church, when the Holy Ghost called by name and sent forth Barnabas and Saul (Acts 13:1-5). This precept and practice were to him sufficient warrant for both looking directly to the Lord for such laborers and for asking for such money, as were needed.

Gossner was already sixty-three years old when he broke off connection with the Berlin Missionary Society, and began to work on independent lines. At that age, when the ninth heptade is complete, few men ever think of becoming pioneers, and rather begin to withdraw from active labor. Yet Gossner was permitted to put into the fold two hundred men and women, and for the outfit and support of this mission band he was simply in partnership with God. And so sacred did he consider this divine partnership, that he regarded it an act of unbelief to ask of men any longer, since he was permitted and authorized to ask of God in faith, nothing wavering. Faith made him bold, and, as he quaintly phrased it, he counted it his business to be employed in "ringing the prayer-bell rather than the beggar's door-bell." Did God honor the partnership of faith? Let the sufficient witness be the words spoken over Gossner's open grave: "He prayed mission stations into being; and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands." As Dr. A. J. Gordon says: "Gossner believed in the Holy Ghost, whom he regarded as the administrator of missions. Therefore he relied on prayer more than on organization." Having done all in his power, he would sit in his little room and commit the distant work to this Divine Executor, and "beg Him to direct it all and order it after His own will." Instead of an elaborate manual of instructions, this was the simple and stirring commission which he put into the hands of his missionaries: "Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, wake the dead! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob! Up, up, my brethren! The Lord is coming, and to every one He will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathens? With the devil?' O swiftly seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord."

It would be a long chapter that should trace the apostolic succession from this missionary founder and trainer.

Louis Harms

is one example—in Hermannsburg, daring to undertake missions on a scale unparalleled in history. Think of this pastor, who now almost fifty years ago (1849) inaugurated in his own church—a church of poor farmers, artisans, peasants, and mechanics—a missionary society which came to have shortly not only its missions and missionaries, but its own ship, its own magazine, its own training college, its own complete equipment. At the end of thirty-one years Louis Harms had put into the field, and kept there, over 350 missionaries, and in ten years more could praise God for 13,000 converts in the mission churches, while the church at home had grown to unprecedented proportions and was the largest in the world. Let us look into his simple diary: "I prayed to the Lord Jesus that He would provide the needed sum of—." "Last year, 1887, I needed 1,500 crowns, and the Lord gave me sixty over. This year I needed double, and He has given me double, and one hundred and forty over."

There are other and more recent enterprises, founded and conducted on the same essential basis as Franke's, Müller's, Gossner's, Harms', but they must have, if at all, separate treatment. Their one essential principle is that they treat the work as God's, and Him as the responsible founder and administrator, and they lay great stress on two subordinate laws of conduct: First that, as the Scriptures are the express revelation of His will, no methods or measures should be admitted or permitted in His work that are not according to His word; and, secondly, that as the throne of grace is the eternal storehouse of supplies, all appeal for help is to be primarily to God; and that all dependence on man for aid, and especially on direct appeal to man, is practically a departure from the simple, divinely-ordained channel of supplies. —*Missionary Review of the World* (April).

THE MAINE PROHIBITORY LAW.

What is the Trouble with It?

Clarence E. Wheeler.

IN a recent issue of the HERALD an article with the above title appears, and while I believe the writer to be perfectly honest in his opinions and conclusions, still I am constrained to think there is another view of the case, and if you will allow me, I will state it as briefly and as plainly as I can.

The writer starts out with the statement that the Maine Prohibitory Law is a good law, and adds, "but what does a good law amount to, only so far as it is enforced?"

Now my experience and observation force the conclusion upon my mind that the law is good in principle only. Theory in law-making is the same as in any other department of social economy — good only so far as it can be made valuable through its practicality; and the theory that the passage of a prohibitory law by a State legislature, with the appointment of all liquor officers necessitated by such a law, with graduated punishments for its infringement, will prevent the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, even when under the charge of the most conscientious officers possible, has long since been accepted by the ablest economists and philanthropists as untenable.

I have heard, time and again, the tirade which the writer gives about the temperance voters voting each year for the same officers to enforce this impractical law, and yet throwing the blame for its non-enforcement upon these same officers. In this connection let me ask the writer a question: Provided they would accept the place, and could be elected, can he name a list of officers in his own community who could and would absolutely prevent the illegal sale and use of liquor in the district under their charge? I very much doubt it. It might be possible for a limited time under the above conditions in a few of the rural towns; but with the conditions existing in the larger towns and cities, experience proves the contrary. But such ideal officers are not to be had, and will continue to be unavailable while human nature is as it is. Has the writer himself ever tried the experiment of securing evidence on which to base legal proceedings in a case of alleged illegal liquor-selling? The question of the ownership of the liquors involved, whether they were sold or not, and the finding of a person or persons who will testify to having purchased liquors illegally sold — all these and the other twistings and turnings to which the manipulators of the law will stoop, as well as the moral effect of a defeat of the prosecutors, tend to deter men, however much they have the temperance cause at heart, for volunteering for what is so often a worse than forlorn hope; hence "the main business of liquor selling goes on scarcely checked at all."

Another question is suggested by the writer's statement that the temperance voters of the State are responsible for liquor-selling in Maine today, with all its train of evil consequences. Had the entire ticket presented by the Prohibition Party for the suffrages of the voters of the State at the recent election been elected, in his opinion would the illegal sale of liquor during the coming year be diminished by a single glass? I can't believe he thinks so for an instant. Look at the matter a moment. Take each nominee on the entire ticket and examine his record along these lines. While every man is doubtless a temperance man and total abstainer himself, what have they ever accomplished in the line of rigidly enforcing the existing liquor law that should entitle them to consideration above the nominees of the dominant party in the State? The writer further says: "Whenever there is a demand for officers to enforce the laws — a demand backed up by votes — then there will be a supply of just such officers." Such a demand will never be "backed up by votes" under the present condition of things, simply because the great mass of the temperance people of the State realize fully the absurdity of the demand. They know the law cannot be enforced except in very isolated cases — hence they do not demand the impossible.

Now, how can a remedy be applied for the gigantic curse of intemperance, and a legal way be made applicable to the enforcement of temperance legislation? No single State can cope with this question alone. The experience of Maine demonstrates this, and facts could be adduced to prove that under a strict prohibitory law there is as much illegal selling and as much drunkenness proportionally as in neighboring States where no such law cumber the statutes. No, the remedy must be applied to the very root of the evil. We must look to national

legislation to correct these abuses. Just as long as the national treasury depends to such an extent upon revenues derived from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, just so long will it be manufactured; and just as long as it is manufactured it will be sold; and if not allowed to be sold openly like any other commodity, it will be sold secretly and contrary to law. The sale may be checked a little — it cannot be stopped. It is not a good argument to say that it can be stopped by teaching the people not to use it on account of its baneful effects — drunkards' graves will be filled right along, side by side with the teaching. The work must be mainly in the line of cultivating a public sentiment — happily growing every day — that will demand of our national legislators the recognition of the liquor traffic as a monstrous national evil, and that the revenues derived are nothing compared to the resulting troubles. The national laws of our country should deal with this question, and the government of the United States could deal with it if it would, so that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as beverages in this country would be reduced to the lowest possible limit.

I realize the difficulties that would beset such legislation, and I realize also the difficulties and failures that now beset isolated prohibitory legislation. Is the one greater than the other? If it is, the good resulting would be more than proportionally greater. In the meantime we must do the best we can under existing conditions, but must not expect to achieve the impossible.

Calais, Me.

MALAYSIA MISSION CONFERENCE.

Rev. F. H. Morgan.

THE fifth annual session of the Malaysia Mission Conference convened at Penang, Wednesday, Feb. 10. Penang is the second station opened in Malaysia, but the Conference met there for the first time this year. The Conference opened with Bishop Thoburn in the chair. In his opening address the Bishop spoke at some length of the development of the work since its commencement twelve years ago, when with Dr. Oldham he passed through Penang on his way to Singapore. At that time he had an impression that he would have a work here. The following, summarized from the report as printed by the Penang Gazette, gives the substance of his remarks: —

"As I look at the body of Christian men and women assembled here this morning, nearly all of whom are personally connected with our mission in Malaysia, I feel constrained to thank God anew and take courage. A wide field is opening before us. We are now firmly and strongly planted in the three stations of Singapore, Penang, and Ipoh, and besides have a number of small stations on the Peninsula. Many workers are offering to join us, and we could not doubt expand our work indefinitely if we had the means provided for our support. For ten months we occupied a station in Borneo, and we also hope to secure a post at some point in Sumatra; but from the first our financial resources have been extremely limited. I doubt if any other instance can be found in modern missions in which a body of missionaries have accomplished as much with such slender financial support as has been accomplished by the men and women now before me."

"The outlook for the future is very encouraging in all respects, save one. Five times during the past eight years our appropriations have been cut down, and there seems but too much reason to fear that another reduction will be made at the close of the present year. I need not say that from most points of view this state of things is extremely discouraging. Many of our missionaries in India have been trying to explain its meaning, but perhaps the full lesson has not been learned. It would seem, however, most probable that God would have our missionaries generally learn that permanent success can only be secured through a policy of self-support. If this world is ever to become a Christian world, missionaries must learn that it is their work merely to found Christian institutions in non-Christian lands and devise a policy, or for that matter various policies, by which Christianity can be made not only self-supporting, but self-propagating. This seems to be the lesson of the hour. Our brethren in India have to struggle against a poverty such as you never witnessed in this region. Scores and scores of our Hindustani preachers live on an income not exceeding forty or fifty dollars a year of your Straits currency. The people to whom they preach are still poorer, and yet in one of our North India Conferences no less than twelve thousand rupees have been gathered during the past year for the support of the mission. I begin to believe that in the very poorest regions of the earth a vital Christianity can be established which will not only support itself, but propagate itself. When that problem is fully solved, the problem of the conversion of the world will have been solved. You will need at your present session, and perhaps in your sessions hereafter, to give prominent attention to this subject."

As we think of the small beginnings of our work, and then realize that we meet now in a new school building just completed at a cost of \$30,000, and know that in a few days this building will be occupied by 600 boys who are receiving a Christian education, we are led to exclaim: "Behold, what hath God wrought!"

The Conference sessions are all interesting and the reports encouraging, while the Bishop's addresses were, as they always are, inspiring.

Our membership is practically the same as last year, but the work is assuredly on a firmer basis, and new doors are constantly opening.

One new station has been opened by Dr. West, presiding elder of Penang District, in Siam

territory, at a place called Ku-lin; twenty probationers are enrolled, and there is every indication of a prosperous work at this point.

Work is again undertaken at Kuala Lumpur, a prosperous city in Selangor, W. F. Kensett being appointed there. R. W. Munson was appointed to that place last year, but owing to the failure of Mrs. Munson's health, they were obliged to return to America, and it has been unoccupied. We hope for a good report of this work next year.

The event of the year was the attack on the Anglo-Chinese School in Singapore. For a time things looked very serious, but the cloud gradually lifted, and the school has regained its former prestige. The new boarding school is nearly completed, and will accommodate one hundred boys besides the principal's family and masters. The agitation, which was provoked by the attitude of several of the leading Chinese of the colony because of the religious teaching in the school, was mainly felt here, as the financial burden fell entirely upon us. But the original plans have been carried out in spite of the difficulties, and a fine new building is the result.

One young man, Dr. Egland, has recently arrived with a view to opening up work in Borneo. For a time, however, he will teach in our school at Ipoh, meanwhile acquiring the language for use when the time comes.

The work of the W. F. M. S. within our bounds is in a healthy state, but sadly in need of more workers.

The evening services were all interesting and profitable. Thursday evening the Conference sermon was preached by the writer. Saturday evening the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and Conference love-feast took place. Sunday the Bishop preached at 9 o'clock to the Tamil congregation; at 10 o'clock to the Chinese congregation; and at 6 o'clock to a large English congregation in the hall of the Anglo-Chinese school. Monday evening the ordination service took place, one young man being ordained deacon and three elders.

Singapore.

FORMER DAYS NOT BETTER.

THE idea that revivals were more sweeping in John Wesley's day than in our own is considered by the London *Methodist Times* as without warrant. It says: "We shall never forget the revelation which burst upon us some years ago when we read a statement from the pen of John Wesley, to the effect that a revival in a certain place was the most extensive and amazing that mighty evangelist had ever known. He could scarcely express his astonishment and delight that in the course of six weeks of continuous revival services there had been — three hundred cases of decision! But in our own time some of our evangelists have witnessed a thousand decisions in one week, and have not regarded that as anything very astonishing. This single incident is enough to prove that evangelistic work is now done on a vaster scale than in the days of John Wesley." Also the notion that individual conversions were more pronounced and reliable in the olden days, is called in question, as follows: "A distinguished Methodist writer stated a few weeks ago, in another journal, that in the present day we have very few such sudden and miraculous conversions as gladdened the hearts of our forefathers. But Mr. Price Hughes has often said on public platforms that never once, for more than nine years, has he preached in St. James' Hall on Sunday evening without visible results and instantaneous conversions. Nor are these constant results superficial and evanescent, as unbelieving Christians are apt to assume. Take one typical case. Seven years ago a sailor was converted at St. James' Hall. Immediately afterwards he went to sea, and for that long period has been exposed to all the perils and temptations of a seafaring life. On the first Sunday of this year he turned up at the covenant service. He landed at Liverpool on the previous day, and hurried to London at once to renew his covenant on the very spot where he had trusted in Christ seven years before." The *Times* affirms that in London, where even Wesley himself never greatly succeeded, and where forty years ago the Methodist Church was almost extinct, our people have made of late years unparalleled progress. A committee appointed by the last Conference to consider the spiritual destitution of London has discovered that the



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Cleveland's
Baking Powder

erection of about twenty additional large chapels will so far cover the vast metropolis with a network of Wesleyan Methodism that there will be no large areas unreached by it. Of course, this will not adequately meet even the Methodist needs of the millions on the banks of the Thames, but it will give large centres of spiritual activity all in actual touch with one another. The Methodists have already excellent sites in half of the needy districts, and, thanks to the munificence of the late Sir Francis Lyett, adequate resources to obtain the additional sites and to erect the needed buildings. This is an astounding change from the alarming and almost hopeless situation disclosed a few decades ago by Mr. Arthur and Dr. Punsbun. — *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

It's a man's bad habits that hurt him more than overwork. The little habits of coffee and tobacco hurt worse than some of the big ones, because they are continued more steadily than the greater habits. Many a man is simply poisoned to death by the alkaloids of coffee and tobacco, and never will believe what is hurting him. Let him quit tobacco, and use Postum Cereal Food Coffee in place of coffee, and very soon he finds that nature, the great restorer, is at work. No medicine is needed; simply quit doing those things which poison and waste the energy, and let nature build into body and brain from good food. Postum is made entirely of grains, by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., and is nourishing and fattening. Use plain, common food, and the food-drink (it looks like coffee but is not). Health will come and be of much more solid character than when patched up with drugs.

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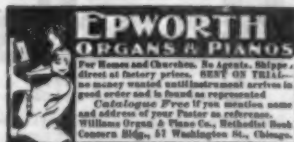


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The famous saddle with leather strands now made with padded cover, lifting rider free from the pommel (horn) of the saddle.

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DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT.

NEW YORK has become accustomed to great days, but the 27th of April marks one of the most memorable in its history. It was the day of the dedication of the Grant Monument. It is estimated that a million people gathered to witness the event, and that more than fifty thousand men participated in the parade. The editor of this paper was an interested observer for several hours, and chronicles for his readers some of the more notable scenes and sayings of the day.

The Tomb.

This is presented in outline in the accompanying electrolyte. The granite of which the tomb is made was found in North Jay, Me., after a long search. It was desired to find a granite which would prove itself durable, light in color, and without a flaw of any sort, and which could be taken from the quarries in blocks sufficiently large for the purpose to which they were to be devoted. These requirements have all been satisfied. The granite, however, before being accepted, was submitted to extraordinarily severe tests by mining school professors, members of the United States Engineering Corps and chemists, and all the tests were passed. In all it is estimated that there are about eight thousand tons of granite in the tomb. In order to get the necessary immense blocks of granite it was needed to open new depths in the quarry, and in transportation the size of the blocks necessitated in some cases changes in the equipment of the railroads over which they passed.

The tomb was not opened to the public. President McKinley, with the Grant family, was permitted to enter, and the small party stood in tearful and reverent silence around the sarcophagus which holds the body of the dead General. The sarcophagus is made of red porphyry found at Montello, Wis., where another, just like that which contains General Grant's body, is now being made. In this second sarcophagus will lie the body of Mrs. Grant. The sarcophagus is placed in a crypt beneath the centre of the dome. This crypt is approached by stairs, which lead from a passage that encircles the inclosure containing the sarcophagus, the inclosure being flanked by square columns supporting marble ceilings and planes. The sarcophagus is in plain view from the level of the floor and also from the circular gallery above.

The New York Sun thus refers to this tomb in connection with others which have been reared in honor of other distinguished soldiers:—

"So far as situation is concerned, the tomb of General Grant is superior to that of any of the other great mausoleums, with the exception of the Pyramids of Egypt, which, after so many centuries, still lead in their class. Standing in a public park upon which private buildings can never intrude, with the Hudson River in its most impressive part flowing below, the tomb is bound to remain an uninterrupted landmark. The tombs of Nelson and Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral are only details in that great structure of Sir Christopher Wren, sharing the spectators' interest with the great dome, the nave and other monuments. The tomb of Napoleon at the Hotel des Invalides is not the only thing of interest about that building; for there in the church hang the flags captured from the enemies of France in many wars. In Rome there is the tomb of Hadrian, which served as a fortress in the war with the Goths; the tomb of Metellus on the Appian Road, the pyramid of Cestius, and the modern Pantheon. Constantine the Great was buried in the church of Saint Sophia, but that building has associations quite apart from this. Frederick William and Louise have an impressive tomb at Berlin, while Frederick the Great lies in modest state at Potsdam. The most noted monument of Peter the Great is not associated with his actual resting place. When compared with these and other celebrated tombs, that of the American soldier has, as we said before, a particular advantage in locality that can never be taken away from it."

The day was most inclement. Cold gray clouds obscured the sun during the greater part of the day, and the chilling blast that blew from the northwest swept the great grand-stands pitilessly, finding its way through the very veins of the spectators and sending a blinding cloud of fine dust and sand through the streets and over the park. A little after 11 o'clock President McKinley appeared at the door of the mon-

ument, and arm in arm with Mayor Strong, descended the long platform to the speaker's desk. Vice-President Hobart followed with Gen. Horace Porter, and the appearance of the quartet was the signal for outbursts of enthusiasm. The speaker's stand and the platform then were quickly filled. Chauncey M. Depew, buttoned to the neck, as indeed was everybody else, was there early. Among the distinguished persons present the following may be noted: Ex-President Cleveland, Speaker Reed, Seth Low, Archbishop Corrigan, Gen. B. F. Tracy, Col. E. C. James, Col. John Jacob Astor, Whitelaw Reid, Senators Foraker, Cullom and Hanna, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Senator Hawley, Gen. Buckner of Kentucky, Gen. Breckinridge, Gen. Weeks, Gen. Greely, Gen. Steinberg, Bishop John P. Newman. The Presidential party was made up of the following members: John Sherman, Secretary of State, and wife; Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, and wife; Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior, and wife; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, and wife; Gen. Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and wife; James McKenna, Attorney General, and wife; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, and wife; and Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States Army, wife, daughter and aide. The diplomatic corps was led by the British ambassador, followed by the French ambassador, the German ambassador, the Mexican minister, the Swiss minister, the Danish minister, the minister of Ecuador, the Porto Rican minister, the Turkish minister, and the Belgian minister. Yang Yu, the Chinese minister, and his secretary, were prominent figures. Mrs. McKinley entered on the arm of Dr. Bates, her physician. The widow of the great chieftain entered upon the arm of her son Frederick. On the opposite side of the aisle, and back of these two distinguished parties, were grouped the wives and daughters of cabinet officers, senators, representatives and diplomats.

Mayor Strong, as presiding officer of the day, introduced Bishop Newman to offer the prayer. This closest ministerial friend and long-time pastor of General Grant thus voiced, in part, the tender and reverent aspirations of the vast multitude:—

"Forever with the Lord, he needs not our prayers to cheer his soul, nor our monuments of stone to perpetuate his memory among the sons of men. Thou hast ordained his place in human history for all time, by the largeness of his soul, the greatness of his mind, the uprightness of his character, by his love of truth, his devotion to our nation's welfare, by the sweet influence he still exerts for peace, justice and liberty; and here today we pour forth our libations of gratitude to Thee, O Thou God of our fathers, that in our country's danger, when authority was challenged and judgment imperiled and freedom threatened, in

them Thy word may be fulfilled: 'Who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided.'"

President McKinley's Address.

President McKinley was fully equal to the great occasion. Holding his hat in his right



Ulysses S. Grant.

hand, and without note or scrap before him, he looked that countless multitude in the face and spoke the thoughts which the hour and the dead chieftain demanded. The writer has heard many great speeches, but he never listened to greater. His delivery was faultless and masterly, as was his thought. He seemed colossal as he spoke. If any person had been led to think from the representations of the public press at any time that Mr. McKinley was an ordinary man and not in any sense a great, full, all-rounded and profound thinker and eloquent speaker, he would certainly have been undeceived if he had listened to the President on this occasion. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, well expressed the feeling of every impartial hearer when he hastened to say to the President, as soon as he had ceased speaking: "I have never heard anything before that impressed me so much as your speech." General Horace Porter delivered an able and critical eulogy, but the speech of President McKinley, like that of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, will forever be linked with the dedication of

more worthily bestowed or more gratefully accepted by a free people than the beautiful structure before which we are gathered.

"In marking the successful completion of this work we have as witnesses and participants representatives of all branches of our Government, the resident officials of foreign nations, the governors of States and the sovereign people from every section of our common country, who join in this august tribute to the soldier, patriot and citizen.

"Almost twelve years have passed since the heroic vigil ended and the brave spirit of Ulysses S. Grant fearlessly took its flight. Lincoln and Stanton had preceded him, but of the mighty captains of the war Grant was the first to be called. Sherman and Sheridan survived him, but have since joined him on the other side.

"The great heroes of the civil strife on land and sea are for the most part now no more. Thomas and Hancock, Logan and McPherson, Farragut, Dupont and Porter and a host of others have passed forever from human sight. Those remaining grow dearer to us, and from them and the memory of those who have departed generations yet unborn will draw their inspiration and gather strength for patriotic purpose.

"A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner-stone of free government and integrity of life the guaranty of good citizenship. Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as commander-in-chief of the armies of the Union, calm and confident as President of a reunited and strengthened nation which his genius had been instrumental in achieving, he has our homage and that of the world; but brilliant as was his public character, we love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues. His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty and national unity.

"Victorious in the work which under Divine Providence he was called upon to do, clothed with almost limitless power, he was yet one of the people—patient, patriotic and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of his duty. Great as he was, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

"With Washington and Lincoln, Grant has an exalted place in history and the affections of the people. Today his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace. The veteran leaders of the blue and the gray here meet not only to honor the name of the departed Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit which has transcended the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion, which we pray God to speed, will be the nation's greatest glory.

"It is right, then, that General Grant should have a memorial commensurate with his greatness, and that his last resting-place should be the place of his choice, to which he was so attached in life, and of whose tree he was not forgetful even in death. Fitting, too, is it that the great soldier should sleep beside the noble river on whose banks he first learned the art of war, of which he became master and leader without a rival.

"But let us not forget the glorious distinction with which the metropolis among the fair sisterhood of American cities has honored his life and memory. With all that rises and sculpture can do to render the edifice worthy of the man, upon a site unsurpassed for magnificence, has this monument been reared by New York as a perpetual record of his illustrious deeds, in the certainty that as time passes, around it will assemble with gratitude and reverence and veneration men of all climes, races and nationalities.

"New York holds in its keeping the precious dust of the silent soldier; but his achievements—what he and his brave comrades wrought for mankind—are in the keeping of seventy millions of American citizens, who will guard the sacred heritage forever and forevermore."

We have only space for a paragraph or two from General Porter's excellent address. To General Porter more than to any one person, credit is due for raising the funds and for the completion of the mausoleum. His articles in the Century upon "Campaigning with Grant," are exceedingly interesting. Perhaps no man living of those who were associated with him and were upon his staff knew him so intimately as General Porter. He said:—

"In the letter of acceptance of his nomination for the Presidency Grant uttered one of the sublimest sentences ever penned by a statesman's hands: 'Let us have peace.' Of all the many aphorisms which emanated from him this has been deemed the most fitting to engrave indelibly over the portals of his tomb. It is typical of his nature, emblematic of the eternal peace enjoyed by his soul. . . . The salient



The Grant Tomb at Riverside Park, New York.

the supreme hour of doubt and fear, Thou didst give us this dear man to defend our rights, to lead our armies to victory, and to administer our government in righteousness and honor. Around his sacred dust we give Thee thanks that peace prevails, that those once divided on the field of battle are here united in prayer and praise, under a common flag, the symbol of universal liberty; and here we linger to pray for those he loved, for the precious woman, the wife of his youth, the companion of his manhood, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, that her last days may be full of heavenly rest, that

the Grant Monument as the supremely fitting utterance of that hour. He said:—

"Fellow-citizens: A great life, dedicated to the welfare of the nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memorable, because it is the anniversary of the birth of one of the most famous and best-beloved of American soldiers.

"Architecture has paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never was a memorial

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

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That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, etc.

You think it is because your child is "growing too fast" that he fails to put on flesh. More often it is due to a gradual and general weakening of all the forces of the body. The child may have no pain, may have a fair appetite and yet lose flesh. Perhaps the happiest effects of Scott's Emulsion are in such cases as these. It gives the body a fat which is easily taken up; alters unhealthy action and supplies the best blood-making food known to medical science.

points in his character were absolute truthfulness, becoming modesty, superb courage, moral and physical, inexhaustible patience, unbounded generosity to friends, magnanimity to foes, unswerving loyalty and matchless foresight. He was slow in choosing and in changing friends. He never deserted a friend on the fire, but when unfaithful friends had once forfeited his confidence they never regained it. He hated only two classes of men—liars and cowards. He never could abide them and never could see any use of their existence."

In the following terms General Porter reminded his hearers of the abuse and calumny that had been heaped upon the "silent hero":—

"Like other conspicuous leaders, it was his fate to suffer the bitter experience of detraction, misrepresentation and betrayal. He was assailed more bitterly than any one who ever sat in the chair of state, save Washington. He was brought to realize that 'Reproach is concomitant to greatness as satire and invective were an essential part of a Roman empire,' and to learn that in public life 'all hours wound the last one killed.' Envy and malice made him at times the target for their poisoned shafts, but their fragments fell at his feet, as shattered are the reputations of those who aimed them, and even the wrath of his enemies may now be counted in his praise."

The formal transfer of the tomb from the committee of construction and management, through Mayor Strong, to the city of New York, closed this part of the public services.

Just opposite the tomb, on the Hudson River very near, lay the white squadron and the foreign vessels. The "New York" had the lead. Astern of her lay the big black "Talbot," with the white ensign of the English navy at her taffrail and the American flag at the fore-truck. Tugging at their cables still further astern in the line lay the yellow ensign "Infanta Isabel" and "Maria Teresa" of the Spanish navy. No less conspicuous in their decorations were these than the others, while the "Fulton," with the tricolor of France, and the Italian "Dogali," that in the order named completed this line, were as handsome if smaller than all the rest. Outside of these was another column composed exclusively of Uncle Sam's ships. The "Maine" was at the head, and behind her were the "Indiana," the "Texas," the "Raleigh," the "Columbia," and the low-lying monitors "Amphitrite" and "Terror." As despatch boats the "Dolphin" was anchored ahead of the "New York" and the "Fern" ahead of the "Maine." Stretched out so, the fighting fleet covered almost a mile and a half of the river.

At about 1 o'clock the long and apparently interminable procession began to pass the reviewing stand in which were President McKinley, Vice President Hobart, and others. To the West Point cadets was given the honor of being first in the line. Then followed the United States infantry and cavalry and a large representation from the Navy, and the militia from the various States. It was a national day. Southern troops marched with Northern regiments, Confederate veterans trudged the six-mile route with army men, and shared the cheers of the multitudes. It was an imposing military and civic pageant, such as is seldom seen in any country.

At about 4.30 President McKinley and a portion of his party, leaving Vice President Hobart and others to review the rest of the land parade, boarded the "Dolphin" to witness the naval display. Immediately the steam craft in the river set up a terrific din of whistles, which continued for ten minutes and drew all eyes toward the river. Then the combined fleet thundered a salute of seventeen guns in honor of the admiral aboard the "Dolphin," and when the President's flagship following the torpedo-boat "Porter" entered the column of warships the entire fleet again thundered out the national salute of twenty-one guns. Slowly the "Dolphin" glided down between the white American men-of-war, and as she came abreast each one there was the flash, the puff of smoke, and then the salute came rolling across the river and up the hill and over the city. The foreign ships were the lowest in the column, and hence the last to salute, and their guns boomed across the water the longest of any.

Until after 7 o'clock in the bitter wind and the fast-gathering darkness the people lingered to express their loving and grateful admiration for the unique hero whose body reposes in that magnificent tomb. Dimly we could still spell out in the chiseled granite the words which he has made immortal—a prayer to him, a prophecy to the nation: "Let us have peace." We have not yet learned how great he was; his modesty, simplicity, and unpretentious ways misled us. We are now beginning to see how much greater he was than we once supposed. But, like Lincoln, he is ever growing. That is the quality which differentiates these two Americans from all others. Both will seem much larger to the twentieth century. Who really knew this man Grant? Senator Hawley once said to General Horace Porter, after he had

been close to Grant for months, "Tell me all about him;" and Porter answered: "I don't know him any better than I did before; he is just Grant and nobody else." That is genius of the highest order; for genius is inscrutable and unrepeatable even to closest friends. As we looked at Col. Frederick Grant, whose features so closely resemble those of his father, and noted the ashy-white, fast-aging face of the wife who was so much to the most faithful and affectionate of husbands, we queried: Did they really know how great a child of nature he was, and did they realize the full measure of the work God called him to achieve for this nation? We think not. He was too colossal for comprehensive measurement even in his own household. Lincoln comprehended him, for there was something akin in him. Therefore Lincoln would neither listen nor heed, though the clamor for his removal as the head of the army became general and persistent.

Sometimes it seems as if his magnanimity was his sublimest quality. He made a new application of the Golden Rule; he applied it to a conquered foe. He was large enough to confess without hesitation that he had made a mistake, when convinced of the fact. He was so pure in thought that he could not endure a vulgar or salacious hint or story. At a dinner with men only, one who had already touched the borders of propriety looked about and said: "I heard a good story yesterday, and as there are no ladies present"—"But there are gentlemen here," said Grant, and the impure story was not told in his presence. Though called to leadership in a righteous war, he hated war in itself. "Let us have peace," was an undying refrain with him.

"Peace was the object that he aimed to win. He dreamed of peace even in the horrid din of carnage, when the battle roared around. When friend and foe lay dying on the ground paying the price of victory. And now He lies in peace, tasting the rest he gave, With all a nation's honor at his grave."

"Tis good to build yonder monument and dedicate it to his memory. 'Tis good to recall him again and see how time is enlarging him. 'Tis good to visit that consecrated spot by the river-side and hear again his message to the nation he saved and loved so well: 'Let us have peace.'"

"Bend low beneath that message fraught
With prophecy to all the world—
'Let us have peace,' divinely wrought
In bannered folds of love unfurled;
His glory as the centurion wide,
His honor bright as sunlit seas,
His lullaby the Hudson tide,
His requiem the whispering breeze."

The Conferences.

New England Conference.

South District.

Tremont St., Boston.—This church has given the returning pastor, Rev. Dr. J. D. Pickles, a very cordial reception.

St. John's, South Boston.—This church has given its new pastor, Rev. R. L. Greene, D. D., and family a general and generous reception.

Allston.—Rev. Jesse Wagner was given a hearty and general reception by the church and community.

Bethany Church, Roslindale.—The Conference year opens auspiciously. A largely-attended reception was given the newly-appointed pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Nasarian, Thursday evening, April 22, under the auspices of the Epworth League.

North District.

Monument Square, Charlestown.—April 25, this church gave Rev. J. W. Higgins and family a hearty reception. Addresses of welcome were made by representatives of the official board, Sunday-school, Epworth League, and the Ladies' Aid Society. Both Mr. and Mrs. Higgins happily responded.

Trinity Church, Charlestown.—This church gave the pastor, Dr. W. N. Brodbeck, and family a generous reception on the evening of April 25. The address of welcome was given by G. H. Stetson, who made grateful mention of the work which the pastor had achieved in the three preceding years. Chaplain D. H. Truitt, U. S. N., made a felicitous speech. Dr. Brodbeck responded in fitting and hopeful words.

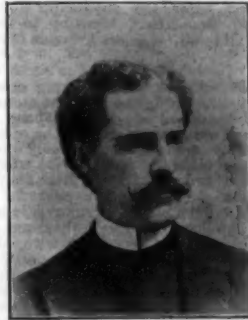
Broadway, Somerville.—On Thursday evening, April 25, Rev. Frederic Woods, D. D., and family were given a hearty reception by the church and community.

Newton.—This church has given its new pastor, Rev. C. E. Holmes, and wife a cordial reception. The new pastorate opens very pleasantly and hopefully.

Central Church, Lowell.—The new year starts out pleasantly. The congregations are good and the tone of the meetings spiritual. Last year's bills were all settled, and subscriptions amounting to nearly enough to meet the estimated expense of this Conference year were raised two weeks before Conference. A delightful reception was tendered the pastor, Rev. C. M. Hall, and family at their residence on Wednesday evening, April 21. The French Mission, under the care of Rev. J. H. Paradis, is in a very prosperous condition. Access to the families of those among whom Mr. Paradis labors has been more than doubled, and a goodly number are on their way out of darkness and superstition into light. He says that, during his eight years' stay in Lowell, he has never known the work to be in such a hopeful condition as at present. At a recent Friday evening meeting of the mission there were present fifteen men, many of whom were not Protestants or Christians, seeking the way of life. This mission rests very heavily on the hearts of the Methodist ministers of Lowell; there is much anxiety as to the support of the work, owing to the hard times of the past year; but it is hoped they will not be compelled to abandon the field in its present state of prosperity. If any who read this could assist by any contribution and send the same to either of the Methodist min-

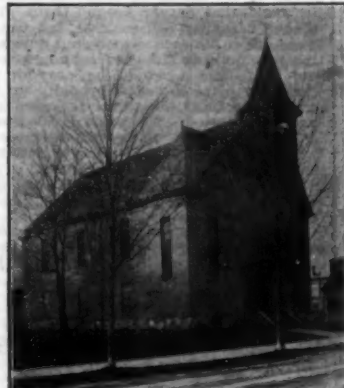
isters of Lowell, it would prove a great help and would be worthily bestowed.

Winchester.—The Methodist Episcopal Church in Winchester was organized April 25, 1872, by Rev. David Sherman, D. D., the then presiding elder of North District. The twenty-



Rev. Charles Edward Spaulding.

fifth return of this memorable date was made an occasion of rejoicing by the Methodists in Winchester. There was never a more beautiful spring morning than April 25, 1897. Upon that Sunday Bishop Foster stood up among the flowers and palms and preached a sermon so full of majesty and beauty that the people recalled the tradition of the aged Apostle John, and realized as never before that real preaching is the out-puff of a rich manhood filled with the Christ-spirit. In the evening Rev. J. D. Pickles, Ph. D., who was once the pastor of this people, preached to a large congregation. If the morn-



Winchester M. E. Church.

ing sermon was Johannine, the evening discourse was Pauline. Each heightened the effect of the other. It was a day to be remembered.

In the Sunday-school the first superintendent, Mr. H. M. Armstrong, and the superintendent of longest tenure, Mr. W. F. Fitch, addressed the scholars. The attendance was the largest for many years—perhaps larger than ever before in the history of the school.

A dainty Souvenir History has been pre-

pared in connection with the anniversary, written by Miss S. A. Emerson and published by Rev. F. B. Graves. From this it may be learned that the house of worship was built under the pastoral leadership of Rev. D. S. Coles in 1876; that the building was remodeled and greatly improved and beautified under the inspiration of Rev. G. H. Perkins in 1891; that an auxiliary to the W. H. M. S. was organized in 1885 under the pastorate of Rev. John H. Mansfield, and that Mrs. L. E. Mason was the first president; that the Epworth League was introduced by Rev. G. H. Perkins, and received great impetus from Rev. C. E. Holmes; that a W. P. M. S. auxiliary has been organized within six months; and that the Sunday-school, under the superintendency of Miss M. E. Emerson, has been reorganized and graded and vitalized until it is one of the most thoroughly up-to-date schools on the district. The Souvenir History also pays deserved tribute to the munificence of the late Mr. J. C. Mason, and recognizes in Mrs. L. E. Mason the virtual founder and mother of the church. It is a cause for gratitude that this elect lady is still spared to continue her useful career in the church and community; and, in truth, her good deeds are known in many churches.

This church has today a larger membership than ever before. It has just taken the largest missionary collection (save one) in its history; and it faces the coming year with the conviction that as the past has been so strong and courageous, the future must bear fruit in love and power. Rev. C. E. Spaulding is beginning his second year as pastor.

East District.

Meridian St., East Boston.—The reception tendered to Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Staples, April 22, on their return for the fourth year, was very cordial and enthusiastic. The venerable Newell Greeley, who has been a member of this one church for fifty-two years and is still an efficient class-leader and Sunday-school teacher, voiced in happy and heartfelt phrase the sentiments of the church and the official board. Miss Julia Griffin spoke for the Ladies' Circle, and Miss Elva Ozier for the Epworth League. Mr. and Mrs. Staples fittingly responded.

Malden, Belmont Church.—On Wednesday evening, April 14, a reception was tendered the pastor, Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, on his return for the fifth year. Combined with the reception was a jubilee over the payment of the last \$2,000 of indebtedness on the church property. A substantial supper was prepared by the Ladies' Aid Society and the Epworth League. Mr. Wm. H. Ruston presided at the post-prandial exercises and very happily welcomed the pastor, speaking of the harmony that characterized this people and of the prosperity of the church, the membership having more than doubled during the present pastorate. Rev. J. H. Cushing, of Maplewood, followed in a fraternal and facetious address. Messrs. J. H. Hathaway and C. O. Saunders spoke of the remarkable growth and financial achievements of the church during the eight years of its existence. Mr. E. H. Cox, in behalf of various friends, presented the pastor and his family a beautiful French clock. Mr. Clarke expressed his great appreciation of this mark of esteem, and spoke of many things he hoped might be accomplished this year. Mr. Clarke has the distinction of being one of the three ministers in the New England Conference who will this year complete two consecutive five-year pastorates.

Stonesham.—A pleasant reception was tendered by the official board to Rev. J. H. Pillsbury and family on Thursday evening, April 22. The large vestry was beautifully decorated and a large and enthusiastic company of church members and townspeople was present. Mr. W. C. Whiteaker for the official board, Mr. W. P. Hill for the Epworth League, and Miss Nellie Cutler, superintendent of the Juniors, spoke a hearty welcome for Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury. The pastor responded fittingly for himself and his wife. The new year is begun under auspicious and encouraging conditions.

Salem.—The Essex Social Union, of which Prof. Frank H. Butler is president, gave a

(Continued on Page 12.)

A 16-Year Old Girl has Nervous Prostration

THE REVIVIFYING EFFECTS OF A PROPER NERVE FOOD DEMONSTRATED.

From the Era, Bradford, Pa.

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Clarion St., Bradford, Pa., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery.

It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the Pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was purchased and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half-dozen boxes had been used, the

young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness.

Miss Watrous concluded that her cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Clarion Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as any one could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scintilla, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippa, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

AYER'S PILLS

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night."—G. W. BOWMAN, 25 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

CURE
CONSTIPATION.

The Family.

HOPE IMMORTAL.

"The spring returneth ever."
So breathed arbutus peeping from the snow,
So thought the crocus in the garden row;
Convinced at last, the lilacs whispered low,
"It is the spring."
"Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of bloom!
It is the spring," she cried, "away with gloom!
Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to meet
the groom."

Whom it will bring.
The spring returneth ever."

"The spring returneth ever."
"I know it, know it well, O land and sea!
All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;
It is a full delight merely to be,
To breathe, in spring;
Though old my face, my heart again is young,
Though old the roots, bright flowers again
have sprung,
And courage open wide the gates has flung
To meet the King
Who still returneth ever."

"Yes, hope returneth ever.
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some far spring!
Immortal am I—mind, is there a choice?
Immortal am I—heart, O heart, rejoice!
Immortal am I—soul, lift up thy voice
With faith, and sing,
The spring returneth ever!"

—Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best! — Goethe.

Heaven is but the blossoming out in us of that part of our nature which knew Christ while we lived here on earth, and the blossoming out to sight around us of the unseen spiritual life that is ever about our way. This is the ploughed field of March; that is the green flowery field of May. — Rev. J. S. Wrightman.

The human face is a canvas, and nature's writing goes over on. But as the wrong act or foul deed sets its seal of distortion into the features, so the right act and true thought set their stamp of beauty. There is no cosmetic for homely folks like character. Even the plainest faces become beautiful in noble and radiant moods. — Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.

"All Green Things on the earth, bless ye the Lord!"
So sang the choir while ice-cased branches bent.
The frosty window-panes, and at our feet
The frozen, tortured sod but mocked the word,
And seemed to cry like some poor soul in pain,
"Lord, suffering and endurance fill my days;
The growing green things will their Maker praise —
The happy green things, growing in warm rain!"

"So God lacks praise while all the fields are whiter!"
I said; then smiled, remembering southward far,
How pampas-grass swayed green in summer light.
Nay, God hears always from this swinging star,
Decant and Cantoris, South and North,
Each answering other, praises pouring forth.
— ANNA C. BRACKETT, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Religion is simply the laying of life—each thing and thought of life as it comes—down before the Lord. Sorrow, anguish, fear, anxiety; repentance, renunciation of evil, longing for cleansing and absolution; hope, motive, purpose, pleasure, success; little common annoyances or satisfactions—everything—brought to Him, laid open before Him, to help or heal, to use, to sanctify with the Divine sympathy and permission—His gladness to be acknowledged in our gladness, His pity in our pain, His commandment in our wish and intent—this is just all of it. This is Moses in the mountain; this is it to "fall down before the Lord." "O come," the beautiful Psalm sings to us, "let us worship and fall down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is the Lord our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," "wholeness," "let the whole earth," "our whole life in the earthly," "stand in awe of Him. For He cometh, for He cometh, to judge the earth." — Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY, in "The Open Mystery."

George Fox, the Quaker, says that, when he was first converted to faith in the Divine Love, and went out into the fields, the whole world around him glowed with new life. The skies were full of a Divine Presence, the air breathed a Divine Love. The birds in their songs seemed to say, "Let us praise God." The same spirit in the Hebrew Psalms calls on the hills to clap their hands, and the waters above and below to be thankful. So is nature transfigured by the soul, and grows full of life. We see God in nature, and our heart drinks peace from sky and land. An ineffable beauty seems spread over the scene; and we wist not what to say, for language can-

not utter it. There are days which are like a concert or oratorio, when earth, air, trees, sunshine, blue sky, grass, are all in the same happy mood, all in tune together, no discord to jar the full harmony. In such days the earth becomes a Bible—the rocky strata its Book of Genesis, the singing of the birds its Book of Psalms, the air full of sunlight and fragrance its Gospels, and the changing lights, the advancing hours, its Book of Revelation, showing to us how God is all in all. — James Freeman Clarke.

Occasionally we read of living creatures being discovered in the heart of stones and in the centre of old trees. Those living creatures were organized for the open air, some were made to bound freely over the earth, and others to sport on the wing over mountain and mead, but there they have been shut up for many a year; in some cases, it would seem, for many a long age. When the laborer with his hammer smote the rock, and the woodman with his axe cut down the tree, and thus opened their graves, they leaped with renewed life into their native spheres, there to enjoy the little heaven of their being. These creatures allowed themselves to be thus entombed. Very slowly and very gradually did the particles in the case both of the stone and the wood build up their graves. At first, it would have been easy for them to have broken through; but as particle after particle gathered and consolidated, the difficulty increased, until at last their sepulchres became so firm that all effort on their part to liberate themselves was utterly abortive.

These creatures typify to me the condition of souls in this world. Fresh from the Almighty they come hither, organized for the atmosphere of universal benevolence, to explore the spiritual regions of truth, to serve the interest of the creation, and to hold unbroken fellowship with the Infinite. But like these creatures they allow themselves to be buried by those elements of the world that gather around them. The force of carnality, self-seeking, and worldliness begin at once silently, but unremittently, to build up the grave of a new-born soul. At first it would be easy for the young immortal to break through; but the forces go on until the grave is sealed and the soul is buried. The world is filled with human bodies, but where are the morally living souls—souls whose every action is inspired with heavenly love, directed to the good of the universe and the glory of God? When, oh, when, shall the Gospel "hammer" break these rocky graves, and its mighty "axe" cleave these trees asunder, to disamprison these spirits, and give them the liberty with which Christ makes His people free? — David Thomas, D. D.

ELINOR'S GIFT.

A True Incident.

Myra Goodwin Plant.

"PROMISE me, Ruth, that you will go to the doctor tomorrow. You look like a ghost, and that cough alarms me. Do what I ask, for your mother's sake."

"I will," was the answer. "I would do anything for you, the kindest friend I ever had, but I fear the doctor will order rest, and if I took a day off my mother would suffer."

Just then other girls came up, and the friends separated. It was at the close of Sunday-school, and these girls belonged to a large class of young women. Most of them were of "the lily of the field" kind, but a few had the earnest, careworn faces and plain clothes of the "working girls."

"Isn't Miss Bradley sweet?" said one of these girls as she walked away with Ruth Baily. "Yet only a year ago she never would look at the likes of us. She never spoke to me on the street, yet she knew my name and used to ask for me at the store because I would haul down all the trimming for her."

"She says it is the Young Woman's Christian Association that has made the change," replied Ruth. "Some of the other fine young ladies got her interested after she came from college, and she says she began to think about the four hundred and ninety-nine girls that had no chance to learn, while she had the place of the other girl in five hundred that gets to college. Then she began to hunt around to see how this kind of a girl lived, but she don't know yet how we work. She found mother and was so good to her I had to melt. I've always despised rich girls as not good enough to use for door-mats, but here I am worshipping this one. If she had asked me to go to a mission school, I would not have gone, but when she brought me right in beside her I came, and I don't mind the difference in our clothes. You know it was in this Bible class I found that Jesus was the best friend that a girl could have."

She said this so simply and sweetly that it touched the girl by her side as nothing else could have done.

"You will get me to caring for such things too," she said with a laugh, "and in return lean on my arm. I shall go with you all the way, and help you up those stairs."

No cars for us. You must stop this walking over to the North Side."

"I could not live without the help of that Bible talk and the kind words I get from Miss Elinor," Ruth answered, her slender figure shaking with a fit of coughing.

As Elinor rode to her elegant home on the Lake front, she was following, in thought, her frail friend to the tenement on the South Side.

"Papa," she said a little later, caressing his iron gray head as she spoke, "I must do something for one of our Sunday-school girls. She is a lovely girl, and supports her widowed mother, who is an invalid. They live in one of those old wooden houses on Clark Street—one front room, no light in the tiny bed-room, and a little kitchen opening on a dark, musty court. Ruth does most of the work early in the morning and late at night, and sews all day in a factory. They never complain, they are so thankful Ruth has steady work, but now she is all broken down. Think of it, papa, she hasn't had a day's vacation, except Sunday, for four years! I sent her to our doctor, and you know he sends every one out of Chicago if he thinks anything is the matter."

"A doctor's trick," laughed the father; "but do anything you want for this girl. I don't have time for vacations, but they are well enough for you women. Go to the book-keeper if you need money."

"O you precious old father!" she cried; and he felt repaid for his promise, though neither of them dreamed what it would mean. When he did know the cost of the working girl's vacation, he was business man enough to hold to his word.

The next evening Ruth came, as she had promised, to report what the doctor had said. No sooner was she seated in Elinor's pretty sitting-room than she burst into tears. "O Miss Elinor," she sobbed, "it is of no use! He says I will die if I do not go away for two months, and I've tried before to get a few days off, but the forewoman says she will fill my place if I stop at all. If I lose my place mother will starve. It is almost impossible to get work now. So many factories have shut down and lots of girls are waiting for a chance."

"I will pay your wages gladly," said Elinor. "You must go."

Ruth wiped her eyes, quite ashamed of her lack of self-control, while Elinor gave her time to get more composed by ringing for some chocolate and wafers, knowing Ruth had probably had little supper. "Now tell me how soon you can go if I find you a cheap but lovely boarding place in the country, and pay your substitute," continued Elinor, as she saw her guest revive under the pleasant warm beverage.

"The trouble is, Miss Elinor, my job requires skilled work. That is why the forewoman will not let me off. It takes the greatest pains to do this hand-work on their best vests, and I am well paid as a girl's wages go. She might have several batches spoiled while teaching a girl to do this work; so she won't hold the place."

"I have a talent for sewing. Ruth, you shall teach me your work and I'll take your place," Elinor answered, after a moment's thought.

"Oh, no, the hot weather is coming on, and the air in that factory is horrid—dust from making up wool, and it a back building—and we have to be there by seven and work till six. It would kill you, Miss Elinor. I cannot allow it."

Some one said to me yesterday, "It is strange that a girl with all her money could not find some one who would satisfy the working girl, instead of sacrificing herself." It was strange; but as Elinor looked at the pale face before her, perhaps she wondered if that life might not be as precious as her own. Any way, she said: "There is no reason why I should always breathe pure air and you other girls never know what it means. Papa said I could do what I pleased in helping you, and I shall take your place."

The proprietor had his fears about Miss Bradley's work being worth the price of skilled labor, but he could not refuse Rufus Bradley's daughter anything, and in a week Elinor's work, that had been faithfully practiced at home, was pronounced satisfactory, and that next day Ruth sped towards the country, sweet with apple-blossoms and springing flowers, and Elinor found herself at seven o'clock seated in a long room where several hundred girls worked for their daily bread. The girls eyed her curiously, which made the forewoman frown at the intruder and determine to make it so hard for her that she would be glad to send for Ruth, who was the best sewer in the room.

I cannot describe the days that followed.

For Ruth, sixty days in a delightful home. Sweet air, wholesome food, hunting wild flowers, rowing on the little lake or bathing in its waters, perfect rest about her mother having good care, all brought health and vigor to the weary girl, and her distressing cough was soon a thing of the past.

And the other girl? In the stifling air, beginning work at an hour she once had thought too early to leave her bed, sitting on the most uncomfortable of chairs until it seemed as if her back would break, breathing dust until her lungs were burning, and sewing until the work blurred before her eyes—this was Elinor's experience those sixty days when May and June were holding carnival in meadow and wood. It was an unusually hot season, when men dropped stricken by the sun, and more than one working girl fainted over her work. The forewoman was not bad at heart outside her business, but she regarded her hundred girls as so many machines, and if one so much as stretched her arms above her head she was reproved for wasting time, and many reproofs meant less money Saturday night.

"Daughter, I must interfere, you are getting thin and pale," Mr. Bradley said one evening.

"Then think what it must be for the other girls," cried Elinor, passionately. "You send the carriage for me, or I take the street cars, while some who are as tired as I walk for miles. The work tires me, but I am in good health. Half of the other girls are sick in some way, and must suffer tortures while they bend over their work all day. They will have to work as long as that old dragon of a forewoman will let them creep in. She draws the line on their fainting before the job is done, or coughing out loud. Then I have this kind of a dinner every day, after a lunch so nice I dare not let those half-starved creatures see it. They get what they can fix for themselves when they get home, or some vile meal at a third-rate boarding house. No juicy roast beef, or broiled spring chicken, with fresh vegetables, and strawberries and cream and ices. Then I have my ride along the Lake shore, perhaps an open-air concert, then my refreshing bath, and sleep in a cool room and on a soft bed, to wake with a delicious breakfast waiting for me. On Sunday perfect rest, and then, of evenings, your society to make me forget that dreadful factory. And the other girls! O papa, they go to wretched homes, most of them in densely populated parts of the city, where a walk out in the street does not mean fresh air. They have crowded rooms at night, often with sick children to help care for, and I am sure some of our girls eke out their scanty earnings with sin. I have the inspiration of seeing Mrs. Baily's gratitude and knowing I am saving a precious life, and at the worst it cannot last long. Then I shall have a perfect rest, while these girls know there is no escape; for if they marry it is only a change of heavy burdens. O dear papa, cannot we do something for these working girls?"

"There will always be these inequalities in life, child," he said; but when he kissed her she noticed his eyes were moist. She knew her experience had made him take a new view of the working-girl question. Could he ignore the ventilation of factories if his daughter was taking in poison at every breath? Elinor did not know till afterwards that he raised the wages of every woman in his employ the next day, and had awnings put at the sunny windows, and several things attended to that added to the comfort of his girls.

The next evening, as they came from the dining-room, some one was waiting in the reception-room for Elinor. She looked the second time before she recognized, in the rosy, round-faced girl, Ruth Baily. Then they rushed into each other's arms, for all social barriers were broken down now between these two friends. Elinor Bradley had been Ruth Baily too long to feel above her now.

"You look pale!" cried Ruth.

"You have my roses," laughed Elinor. "Only I never look half as fresh as you do now."

"You have saved my life, and taken good care of my mother, and our new friends have invited her to come and rest there in the lovely country. Oh, I never can thank you, you precious girl!"

"Thank God, Ruthie. I am sure He put it in my heart and has made it possible for me to keep your place so long."

"She has her dead mother's religion. I ought to be a better man," thought the gentleman who had been watching the girls unobserved, and he turned away with a noble purpose stirring in his heart.

Appleton, Wis.

JACK'S PLOUGHING.

Mabelle F. Clapp.

Out in the field in the sunshiny weather
Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.
The dandelions in bloom by the wall
Twinkle gayly at Jack; and the robins call
From the apple-tree boughs, "Ho, Jack! Look
here!"

While the chipmunks are chattering, "Come
Jack, my dear!"
But Jack keeps on with his ploughing.

The plough is high, and the dimpled hands
Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he
stands.
The south wind lifts the loose brown rings
Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,
And kisses the lips pressed tightly together,
When out in the fields in the sunshiny weather
Jack lends a hand with the ploughing.

Up and down the long furrows brown
He manfully trudges, a tiny frown
On the smooth broad brow, so earnest is he.
"We have such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't
we?"

If I didn't help you, now what would you
do?"

Says Jim, "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you
I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze
Scarcely stirs the boughs of the apple-trees.
The soft earth clings to the moist little hands,
When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he
stands
And looks toward home. "My mamma, I
guess,
Will be 'traid 'bout a man in the house unless
I did come home from ploughing."

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last!
Such a dirty boy! but mamma holds him fast,
And kisses the dimples that come and go
As he tells of the morning's fun, till lo!
The white lids droop o'er the eyes of brown,
And in the meadows of Slumber-land
Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

West Rosbury, Mass.

THINE AND MINE.

ONE of the minor problems of life to me is,
why so many of my dear friends — I use
the words in sincerity — appear to think that I
can never tire of hearing about the good quali-
ties, the graces, the careers of their children,
while they show only a polite interest in mine.
Especially do I wonder at those whose paths
cross mine only occasionally.

Now I have a friend whom I love, and I ad-
mire her interesting circle of children. When
we meet I am glad to hear about them, to know
that Tom is evidently eclipsing all of the other
students in college, that Marie Antoinette is a
sort of prima donna at her boarding school; and
that the paper upon "Theology versus Theoso-
phy," which Cecil read before the last conven-
tion, was regarded as very profound by all of
the ministers present. I am pleased to learn of
the entrance of another daughter into the high
school, that Egbert Everard is distinguishing
himself in the grammar department, and the
twins in the primary, but "the thought which
will not down" is why my friend expects me to
listen to all this with the deepest interest,
while she so evidently finds it irksome to hear
of the doings of my offspring, beyond a brief
statement as to where and how they are.

Once when about to call upon such a friend, my
own little daughter said: "I just think, mam-
ma, you might praise me up a lot. Mrs. B —
is always praising up her girls."

"I will, my daughter, I will," I said with a
laugh. "I will do my best." But I found small
opportunity; and though her children are
grown up now, it is just the same.

"I met Mrs. B — not long ago," I said to a
mutual friend.

"Did she say anything about her daugh-
ters?" she asked with a smile.

Indeed she had, and consumed in that way
nearly all of the precious time in which I had
so desired to talk of old friends, some of whom
were gone from this world, and only she could
tell me of the close of their lives. She recurred
again and again to the career of her daughters,
and what they were doing in the world, while
by her indifference she seemed to imply that
there was nothing of interest in the career of
mine, a point upon which I, of course, silently
differed from her.

Now there are mothers in whom this might
be excusable. I know one such — a brave little
woman, struggling single-handed against the
world to give to her fatherless children advan-
tages such as many a man with a good bank ac-
count is too narrow-minded to bestow upon his
— and I listen almost with tears to what with
honest pride she tells me of them. I know that
her life is a narrow round of care and toil, only
brightened by the hope of what her children
may be able to do, after a time, for her and for
themselves. Of what else can she think but of
them, and yet she does remember to show a
most kindly interest in the loved ones of others.

I will change a little the form of my com-
plaint. Perhaps when taking a summer outing
I find myself, for a day, in the same town with
some former friend. We have not met for
years. I call upon her. She welcomes me as in
the days of old. She spares no pains to make
my brief visit delightful. We walk, we drive,
we visit everything worth seeing. She brings
forth for my inspection the curios she has gath-
ered in our own and foreign lands. This I

keenly enjoy, and I should not soon tire of de-
scriptions of places I never expect to see. But
my friend is a specialist. She has one ruling
passion — at a time. Just at the period of my
visit it chances to be her literary club. She is
its president. Her whole soul is filled with en-
thusiasm for its success. I listen to her plans
for its future. I look over the programs she
has arranged, but in this I am entirely the re-
cipient. I do not feel as quiescent as when I
listened to her travels. I, too, have long been a
member of various literary clubs. I have just
closed, as leader, what the circle was pleased to
consider a highly successful year. I feel at
home with my friend's latest "fad," but she is
giving out, she is not taking in, information.

I feel perfectly sure of my friend's affection,
but I want more than that. I would like her to
know that I, too, had not been in a rut all of
these years. At the first pause I speak of the
work in which I have been interested.

She listens with polite absent-mindedness.
She makes no inquiries about it, but goes on
with her own enthusiasms at the first oppor-
tunity. The hours are flying. I must soon take
the train. And we may not meet again for
years. I make spirited dashes into the subject
here and there as best I can, until I gain recog-
nition. "How I wish I could have you with me
in this work," she says, "I am sure you would
enjoy it." My self-esteem is comforted, but it
is time for me to depart. As we walk to the
train, I find opportunity to tell her how much I
have enjoyed the day and the friendly inter-
course. But as the train moves away and I set-
tle to my own thoughts for company, I find
myself wondering what my friend really thinks
of me. I feel sure that I know where she has
improved, and where perhaps not changed for
the better. But I cannot see how she is to tell
what life has done for me, except externally —
unless like the evolutionists she can develop a
great deal from a very little. I would gladly
have given out more of myself, but I lacked op-
portunity. There was the problem again.
Why did my friend feel so sure that I would be
deeply interested in her intellectual progress
while she felt so little interest in mine?

I had another friend. We did not often meet,
but when we did her manner seemed to me just
right. She could not be more cordial than were
the others, but she drew me more closely to her.
There was no ostentatious bringing forth of
what was most prosperous and pleasant in her
own life to display to the friend, who, for aught
she knew, might have passed through deep
waters since they had met. Rather, she seemed
glad to take me by the hand as if to walk a lit-
tle way along life's path with me; and as we
went on together, we talked of how we had
fared since our paths had parted. Loving and
sincere as the prophet's was her kindly ques-
tioning: "Is it well with these? Is it well
with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"
But she has gone, and not until I shall cross the
river can I hope to meet the friend who cheered
me most of all.

"What a beautiful woman she is! She al-
ways seems to say just the right thing," said an
acquaintance, speaking of the wife of a pastor.
As I thought about it and observed her more
closely, I saw that it was not alone what she
said, but what she refrained from saying, that
made her so pleasing. She had learned, un-
marred by self, to look upon "the things of
others." — MRS. JULIETTE ANDERSON, in *Inter-
ior*.

About Women.

— At the request of the daughters and pub-
lishers of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs.
James T. Fields has undertaken Mrs. Stowe's
biography. Mrs. Fields' book, "Authors and
Friends," has shown the public that she is emi-
nently fitted for this work.

— Sylvia Du Maurier, one of the late George
Du Maurier's daughters, apprenticed herself to
Mrs. Nettleship, a noted London dressmaker, for
a year, and went through all the work of dress-
making from the beginning to the finish.

— Madame Diaz, the wife of the Mexican
President, is a woman of progressive ideas. She
has founded a home where girls can always find
employment, a nursery where working-women's
children are cared for, and a Magdalen home
for repentant sinners.

— Mrs. Josephine R. Nichols, who had
charge of the W. C. T. U. exhibit and headquar-
ters at the Paris Exposition, and also at the
World's Fair, has just died at her home in In-
dianapolis, Ind. She was a strong woman, and
a great help to the organization to which she
gave her time.

— Miss A. E. Taylor, of Kennedy, N. Y., has
invented an ingenious clothes-pin. She was
led to make it by seeing a wire clothes-pin,
which seemed to her much too complicated. So
she invented the present device, for which she
has received a silver medal.

— The *Union Signal* says: "The annual ser-
mon of the National W. C. T. U. convention at
Buffalo will be preached by Lady Henry Somers-
et. Her ladyship is feeling the effects of her
arduous labors during the past year in behalf of
the Armenians and the Home for Inebriate
Women at Duxhurst, and, following the advice
of her physician, will refrain from active work
for a time. She will come to America early in
June, and will spend the summer with Miss
Willard."

— Mrs. Livermore lately said in a private
letter to a friend who asked her to use her influ-
ence in behalf of a deserving case, and at the

same time apologized for troubling her: "You
need have no scruple about 'troubling' me
with any application for help for those who
need it. It is my business to attend to these
things, and to make myself as useful as I can."
It was a beautiful answer, and Mrs. Livermore
lives up to it. — *Women's Journal*.

— A few days ago a number of sailors' wives
in Portsmouth forwarded the Duchess of York a
handsome baby's robe in white silk and valen-
ciennes lace. The robe is made entirely by
sailors' wives, and such of these as could not
have a hand in the making of it got up among
themselves a penny subscription to pay for the
cost of the materials, which amounted to nearly
\$50. In asking her royal highness to accept the
robe, the women described it as "A gift from
sailors' wives to a sailor's wife."

— Miss Frances E. Willard is spending a
few weeks in Atlantic City, N. J., and hopes to
avail herself of the fine opportunity for cycling
while there. Her improvement in health is a
great encouragement to her many friends. A
just recognition of this noted woman will be
given her by a bust to be placed in Northwest-
ern University, Evanston. Lorado Taft will ex-
ecute the work, which is a gift of Mr. J. C.
Shafer, a young business man of Chicago.

Bits of Fun.

— Her first thought. — *Benham*: "The wolf
is at the door." *Mrs. Benham*: "Tell him to
wipe his feet."

— *Miss Mobile*: "Well, Martha, how is
your husband now?"
Martha: "Po'ly, miss, po'ly. He's got that
exclamatory rheumatism."

Miss Mobile: "You mean inflammatory
rheumatism, Martha. 'Exclamatory' is to cry
out."

Martha (with solemn conviction): "That's
it, mum, that's it! He don't do nothing but
holier!" — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

— "There is poetry in everything," mused
the editor. "Now there is yonder waste-bas-
ket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did
when he was all alone. — *Detroit Tribune*.

— Old Mrs. M — was seriously ill. She
found herself to be in a trying position, which
she defined to a friend in these words: "You
see, my daughter Harriet is married to one of
those homoeopathic doctors, and my daughter
Kate to an allopath. If I call in the homoe-
path my allopath son-in-law and his wife git
mad, an' if I call in my allopath son-in-law my
homoeopath son-in-law and his wife git mad, an'
if I go ahead an' git well without either o' 'em,
then they'll both be mad; so I don't see but I'd
better die outright."

— "I am truly sorry, Johnny," said the
friend of the family, meeting the little boy on
the street, "to learn that your father's house
was burned down yesterday. Was nothing
saved?" "Don't you waste no grief on me,"
replied Johnny. "All of paw's old clothes was
burnt up in that fire, and maw can't make any
of 'em over for me this time. Tum-tiddle-lum-
tum whoop-ee-doodle-dee!" — *St. Louis Spec-
tator*.

— Dr. Wolf, once famous as an Oriental
traveler and linguist, settled down in an En-
glish rectory, having married Lady Georgiana
Walpole, a descendant of the great minister.
The doctor's wife had a serious task before her
to reform her husband's slovenly habits, for he
was a thorough Ishmaelite in the matter of ap-
parel. The doctor was on one occasion invited
to spend a week at Houghton, the family seat of
the Walpoles. Lady Georgiana, unable to ac-
company him, packed his portmanteau, put in
seven clean shirts, and gave him strict orders to
put one on every day. Dr. Wolf paid his visit,
and returned. When his wife unpacked his
portmanteau, not a shirt was to be seen.
"What have you done with your shirts, doc-
tor?" she asked. "I have got them on, my
dear," replied the sage. "You told me to put a
fresh one on every day."

Boys and Girls.

THE LILAC.

The lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window,
All purple with bloom while the little maid
spun;
Her stint was a long one, and she was a-weary,
And moaned that she never could get it done.

But a wind stirred the lilac blossoms,
And a wonderful sweetness came floating in,
And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have
said it.

That a friend had come to her to help her
spin.

And after that she kept on at her spinning,
Gay as a bird, for the world had begun
To seem such a pleasant, good place for work-
ing.

That she was amazed when her stint was done.

And the pale-browed little New England
maiden,
Outside of her lessons had learned that day,
That the sweetness around us will sweeten labor
If we will but let it have its way.

— MARY E. WILKINS, in *St. Nicholas*.

THE CALL OF THE FLOWERS.

Mrs. S. E. Kennedy.

AS I was walking along a sunny slope
which bordered a pretty stream, one
day in May, I heard a tinkling sound as of
tiny bells, and glancing across to a little
island in the midst of the stream which the
children had named Bellwort Isle, I noticed
that the pretty cream-colored bells were
swaying gently back and forth in the light
breeze.

As I bent my head to listen, a tiny golden
Star-flower glanced timidly up in my face
and whispered very low, "Do you think
that bell was rung for me?" Upon assur-
ing her that I thought it was, she seemed to

gain courage, and raising herself upon a
slender, thread-like scape, and looking
squarely into the sun's eyes, she spoke in a
clear sweet voice, "You see I have
come." Then I discovered that the tiny
flower was none other than the humble
Star-grass, which had always been one of
my special favorites.

Scarcely had her voice died away along
the slope when I heard a little sound and,
turning around, I discovered a group of In-
nocents with their heads very close to-
gether, talking in low, earnest whispers.
Being somewhat curious to hear what they
might say, I very impolitely drew near, and
heard a pretty little lady in a lavender
bonnet whisper to another who looked very
sweet and pretty in a bonnet of creamy
whiteness, "I am so glad he has called us!
What a beautiful morning he has chosen!"

So engrossed was I in the contemplation
of these little people, that I came near
missing a sight equally as interesting, for
nestling close among the grasses were several
pale blue blossoms, each marked with
the faintest of pencillings. These I knew
to belong to another of my favorite fami-
lies, but whether my great love for this
flower is due to its delicate beauty, its
modest, unassuming ways, or to the pretty
legend attached to it, I cannot say. No
doubt my liking for legends is something
extraordinary, for if I could have my way,
every flower, however common, should tell
a story of the long ago.

Perhaps all are familiar with the legend
of the Veronica, for this is the little Speed-
well's scientific name. But if there are
any who are not, here it is: It is said that
when St. Veronica witnessed the proces-
sion to Calvary, and saw the Lord bearing
His heavy cross, with her own hand she
wiped away the great drops of agony from
His heated brow, and as she did so received
upon the napkin the impression of His
face. *Veru* means true, and *icon*, image,
and as this dainty blossom was lovingly
dedicated to this kind saint, it bears the
name Veronica.

Its common name has a pretty, though
less pathetic, signification: "Among the
Germans the Speedwell is known as the
Flower of Truth, and the plant is taken as
the emblem of friendship. The popular
name is a parting salutation equivalent to
"Farewell" or "Good-bye." It is said to
come from the evanescent corollas which
fall off and fly away as soon as the plant
is gathered."

My little friend had held my attention so
completely that I was almost startled by
the merriest of tinkling sounds proceeding
from Bellwort Isle. "Well, well," I ex-
claimed, "what flower will wake up next,
I wonder?" But before I had had time to
think again, a gruff voice from the direc-
tion of a bog close by called out, "Here I
am, don't you see me?" I knew that
such a call could only come from that great
fellow sometimes called the Side-saddle
Flower, but oftener the Pitcher Plant. I
like the last name better, for was it not at
that very moment holding out its great
green pitchers to me with the invitation to
take a sip? Not being thirsty, I politely
declined, and glad enough was I that I did
so, when I stepped up and looked inside,
for down at the bottom lay two or three
flies struggling for their lives. I noticed
that the bristles at the mouth of the pitch-
er turned downward, so it was plain enough
to see how the poor fellows had been
caught, and also that escape was impossi-
ble. Just then I remembered that old Pro-
fessor Knowmuch told me once that "the
inner surface of the tube" secreted a fluid
capable of digesting the animal matter and
probably, also, of assimilating it for the
growth of the plant."

This coarse plant was such a contrast to
the delicate ones I had been studying, that,
though so very interesting, I was rather
glad when a pleasant voice, which I im-
mediately recognized as that of the common
Strawberry, wished me "good morning." Away
back in the days of childhood this
common flower was an especial favorite,
but whether because of present or antici-
pated pleasure I never could quite make
out. But one thing I do remember distinct-
ly, and that is how astonished I was when
the Professor told us that this humble little
blossom was a near relative of the garden
rose. *Fragaria Virginiana* he said it was
called, the former in allusion to the pleas-
ant fragrance of the fruit, the latter be-
cause of its birthplace.

By this time I was quite tired and turned
my steps homeward, stopping by the way
to gather a bunch of the little blue flower
called Self-heal, and known by the botan-
ists as *Brunella vulgaris*; and then the old
saying came to mind, "No one needs a
surgeon who has Brunella."

Mooseup Valley, Conn.

Editorial.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

JACOB'S ladder, for practical purposes, may well be taken as a type of human life. Like Jacob's, the ladder of life has its base on earth. The Christian life is planted in the soil, amidst human affairs, duties, interests, pleasures, temptations, dangers and opportunities. In its base it is physical, human, mundane and business-like. The Christian life is no air-plant, floating above the earth; its root is in the soil, even though the blossoming and fruitage mount up to the stars. Life is a ladder rather than a balloon or an elevator; it is never in the air, but on the earth. The most approved piety is not that of the monk or the solitary, in the desert or on his pillar; it is rather that of the man battling against evil in actual life, in the city full, the mart of trade, or the shock of war, where men struggle, suffer, are tempted, triumph or perish.

The base of the ladder is placed at your very door. That is a false notion which leads you somewhere else to find the entrance to duty and the place of ascent. Your path opens from your present domicile; the ladder you are to ascend has its base where you live. The ladder at a distance is not yours; your ladder of life is close by, you can find it in the darkest night; if unable to see it, you can feel your way to it. You may be sure it is there; no one can have taken it away. With the ladder so accessible no one will find excuse for neglecting to ascend.

The length of the ladder is noticeable. It spans the whole distance. There are many contrivances for taking men over; some of them have weak or rotten rungs; others have much sound and valuable material; but there is a general defect in length. They take men a good way; they do not take clear over. A ladder too short is as good as none at all. Gen. Hooker, at Look-out Mountain, had to splice his ladders to scale the ledge. Our life ladder has no need of splicing; it was made with adequate length.

But, while the ladder rests on earth, it mounts to heaven, whence come our inspirations, uplifts, the visions of angels and divine voices. The eye of faith sees the goal and the prize, and the sight kindles zeal and quickens activity. The prize is not to be gained without exertion. The ladder must be ascended a round at a time, and the whole distance must be made. There is no short cut to heaven, no gaining the top at a leap. The ascent must be gradual and continuous; there is time enough, but none to spare.

THE SWEETNESS OF CHRIST.

"SWEETNESS" is one of the most expressive and effective terms which we apply to human character. It is a word that seems to take on a new range of meaning when brought into the domain of personality. Used of impersonal things, it is a rather indefinite and often feeble term; but no one questions its sincerity, its dignity, its depth and directness of meaning, when applied to character. We recognize at once the qualities it denotes. The sweet character is the character that is loving and lovable, genuine, unselfish, sympathetic, modest, pure, and true. How inclusive, yet how clear-cut, the moral picture! The adjective, "sweet," in its application to character, is at once the most comprehensive and the most direct of words. It says so much, and yet never confuses or misleads the mind. One has but to utter it, and the whole sweep of all that is most beautiful in character opens before the mind.

How eminently fitting it is, therefore, that we should use this word often in thinking or speaking of Christ's character. The sweetness of Christ—what a beautiful, what a luminous, phrase! The significance of the term grows broader and deeper when we use it in this divine connection. The sweetness of the divine character means more than the sweetness of any human character. The Christ-love and sympathy are so much more tender and profound than ours; the unselfishness, the purity, the modesty of the Divine Man are so much more sincere and beautiful and undefiled than anything which the best human character can show. If there is a moral charm for us in the sweetness of a good man or a good woman, what shall we say of the winsomeness of the sweetness of Christ? What wonder that the prophet-singer declared the foreseen Messiah to be "the one altogether lovely, the chiefest

among ten thousand?" There is indeed a splendor of loveliness in such perfect and supreme beauty of character as that of Christ. The moralists, who have found more to worship, to make religion of, in the flawlessly pure and perfect life of Christ than in His teachings or His revelation, are not altogether without excuse. The character of Christ is something supernatural. Neither before nor since has there ever lived a man who exemplified absolutely perfect virtue as He did. Christ was more than human, and His character is more than human. That is why it is so supremely and transcendently lovely. But when we reflect that Christ's character, beautiful though it was, simply looked back to His teaching, to His revelation, to His inspiration, and was the expression of them, and not an independent, self-originated thing, we see how morally illogical it is to worship and make religion of mere embodied virtue.

No, the sweetness of Christ should win us, not merely to Himself, but to the revelation of God in which He lived and moved and had the divine essence of His being. It should win us to the Truth. For this Christ came to earth; for this He lived so beautifully among men—not that they might worship Him, but that they might worship the Divinity and the Truth that He came to declare. We shall have gained little inspiration or instruction from that most beautiful and expressive phrase, "the sweetness of Christ," unless it carries us back to the source and secret of Christ's moral perfection. "Whence," let us ask, "come this beauty and glory of character?" "Out of the Truth," answers Christ. "I am the Truth," He says, "and the Life." Christ represented both. But before the life He put the truth. The life comes out of the truth. Sweetness of character comes out of strength and purity of faith. We must believe before we can be.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE OLD COLONY.

THE forefathers and founders of New England were noble men. Faults they had, but their virtues far exceeded. The world owes them a great debt, and bows in admiration before their sterling worth. They were not, however, wholly superior to the weaknesses of their time. That were too much to look for. And it is no real disrespect if we find amusement in their quaint customs, and laugh at some of their peculiar ways. Here are a few specimens.

They had no religious service at funerals. Not till after a hundred years from the landing at Plymouth did it become common to offer a prayer or make an address on such occasions. This omission, like their disregard for Christmas, was due to their extreme horror of the practices pursued or sanctioned by Roman Catholics. They feared that ceremonies over the dead would grow into prayers for their souls and the invocation of saints.

It was perhaps for a similar reason that civil marriages were the rule throughout the earlier generations. Not until 1692 were the clergy first authorized to officiate at weddings. Before that, magistrates tied the knot. And there were cases not a few when couples married themselves; but this was regarded as disorderly and visited with fines. Richard Bellingham, Governor of Massachusetts in 1641, was brought before the General Court for marrying himself. But as he presided there, and refused to leave the bench during the trial, the case was postponed, amid much excitement, and was not again called up.

Some queer sentences were imposed by the courts of those times. In 1675 Marmaduke Atkinson, having been out of the colony and made no provision for his wife Mary during seven years, the decree was that "while the court sees no cause to grant a divorce, yet they do apprehend her to be no longer bound, but do leave her to her liberty to marry if she please." Joane Andrews, for selling a "furdine of butter" with two stones in it, was made to stand in town meeting for two hours with her offence written upon a paper in capital letters and "pinned upon her forehead." Miss Sarah Morgan, for striking her husband, had to stand with a gag in her mouth half an hour at a town meeting in Kittery, "with the cause of her sentence writ upon her forehead." Fines were imposed for swearing, for "telling a lie," for playing cards, for absence from worship, and for "speaking contemptuously of the dispensers of God's Word." In 1658 Lieut. James Wiat was "sharply reprov'd" for writing a business letter on the Sabbath, or "at

least in the evening, somewhat too soon." In 1662 George Crispe's wife was arraigned for telling a lie, but secured a discharge on its appearing to be "not a pernicious lie—only unadvisedly."

Duxbury, in 1693, required of every householder, under penalty of one shilling, that between May and July he kill one crow and six blackbirds, or else twelve blackbirds. Bounty was offered by many towns for the killing of crows, blackbirds, blue jays, rats, foxes, wolves and rattlesnakes. The Rehoboth Record of 1733 certifies that "John Pierce brought a wildcat's head before the town, and his ears were cut off by the constable in the presence of two selectmen." In 1665 thirty-one wolves' heads were brought in from the colony at large, 23 of them being captured on Cape Cod. They were so numerous and annoying in this latter section that a proposition was seriously laid before the General Court in 1717 to erect a fence six feet high across the entrance to the Cape to keep the wolves out. But, as might be supposed, the people who would be left on the wrong side of this Chinese wall saw no reason for aiding a plan to increase the number of their own pests.

It is considered certain that on the hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, very few families in the Old Colony had a knowledge of tea and coffee, and none were as yet acquainted with the common potato. Beer was the general table beverage. Probably not one of the Pilgrims ever saw a fork used at table. The diner was accustomed to hold his meat with the left fingers, while he cut it into pieces which could be conveyed to the mouth by the knife or the fingers. Napkins were supplied for wiping the hands. The first windows were of paper saturated with linseed oil, and such could be found on Cape Cod in 1715.

When the native converts, called Praying Indians, began to found villages, some of them were made magistrates, and discharged their duties well. The following is a warrant to Constable Waterman for the arrest of one Wicket, issued by Justice Hibond:—

"I Hibond,
You Peter Waterman.
Jeremy Wicket:
Quick you take him,
Fast you hold him,
Straight you bring him
Before me, Hibond!"

False Doctrine Ending in Despair.

THE last report of the International Missionary Alliance, conducted by Rev. A. B. Simpson, has this characteristic paragraph: "The year is closing amid the deepening shadows of the gathering night. Only four years more of the nineteenth century remain. Its latest chapters are being written in human blood and tears, and illustrated by spectacles of monstrous wickedness, cruelty and crime that outshadow the horrible records of the French Revolution a hundred years ago. The policies and diplomacies of men have failed. In the zenith of its culture and its power the century stands helpless and aghast. Its only hope is the coming of earth's true King, the blessed Son of God."

We would suggest that, as we see it, it is by no means "the century" which "stands helpless and aghast," but rather only this class of prophets of despair, represented by Dr. Simpson, and the rest of the Premillennialists who are compelled by their theory to have eyes only for the dark side of things and who absolutely ignore all the trustworthy records of the past as well as the many shining facts of the present. "The century" is doing very well indeed. There is absolutely no occasion for all this doleful drivel about defeat and disaster, so dishonoring to the gospel agencies set in motion by the Lord Jesus, and so disheartening to Christian workers. They who declare so persistently that the "former days were better than these," do not "inquire wisely concerning this." Their judgment is warped by a false doctrine.

Death of Hon. John J. Perry.

IN the death of Hon. John J. Perry, of Portland, Me., which occurred Sunday morning, May 2, at 2 o'clock, there passed away one of the historic and distinguished characters of the Pine Tree State. He had been ailing for some months, but on Saturday visited his law office and stated that he was feeling unusually well. A little after midnight he complained of faintness, and before the physician who was summoned had arrived, he had breathed his last. He leaves a wife and one son, Edwin A. Perry, who has long been connected with the Boston Herald.

General Perry was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 11, 1811, but early in life settled in Oxford, Me. He graduated from Kent's Hill Seminary, was for many years a trustee of the institution and treasurer, and was admitted to the Bar in 1844. He served in the State Legislature and the Senate. In 1855 he was elected to Congress and

served two terms. He was a member of the "Peace Congress," which met in the winter of 1860-'61. He had been for some years trustee of the State Reform School. Among Methodists he was greatly revered and beloved. For many years he had been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, holding his connection for a long time with Chestnut St., Portland. He was very happy in the church of his choice and very proud of it. His relation with the ministers was exceedingly close and fraternal. To the last he clung to the old paths and the humble and joyful expression of the religious life so characteristic of the Methodists. No political or human distinction ever chilled his loyalty to his church. He was fond of the camp-meeting and an active participant in its services. The editor remembers very pleasantly visiting him in his cottage at Poland Springs some three seasons ago. He was a valued contributor to ZION'S HERALD, often under his own name, but more frequently under his favorite nom de plume, "Dirigo." A good man has fallen, who will be greatly missed, especially in Methodist circles. Some close friend will pen a suitable memoir of him for our columns.

Personals.

—Rev. Geo. S. Davis, superintendent of the Bulgaria Mission, has resigned the position and expects soon to return to this country.

—The wife of Bishop Hartzell will sail for England early in July. She will meet the Bishop there, and sail with him later for Africa.

—"Mother" Stewart, of temperance crusade fame, celebrated her eighty-first birthday, Sunday, April 25. She resides at Springfield, Ohio.

—Rev. Dr. G. W. Brindell, of the Upper Iowa Conference, which he has represented in the General Conference, died in Lyons, Iowa, April 13.

—We are happy to note, in the last Christian Advocate, that Dr. J. S. Breckinridge is daily improving, and has been removed from the hospital to his home.

—Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, will preach the anniversary sermon at Ford Edward Collegiate Institute, Sunday, June 6.

—Rev. D. O. Fox, of the Bombay Conference, who came to the United States as a delegate to the General Conference, will sail for India, May 10, from Seattle, Wash.

—Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, has declined the call of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, of which Dr. George F. Pentecost was the last pastor.

—Bishop Nindé preached for Dr. Galbraith at Dorchester Church, on Sunday morning, a very able and impressive sermon from Zephaniah 3: 17: "He will rest in his love."

—Rev. C. A. Crane, D. D., began his work with Saratoga St. Church last Sunday, preaching two excellent sermons and making a very favorable impression upon all who heard him.

—Rev. George W. King, of the New England Southern Conference, will spend the ensuing year at Madison, N. J., where he will pursue special studies in Drew Theological Seminary.

—Chaplain Robert Forbes of the Minnesota Senate has been chosen by the Grand Army of the Republic of St. Paul to deliver the oration at the coming Memorial Day celebration in the capital city.

—Prof. T. W. La Feta and wife, of Santiago College, Chile, who went out to that work in 1883, are authorized to return to the United States for recuperation, and will probably reach New York in the early summer.

—Rev. J. W. Lindsay, D. D., and his son, Prof. T. B. Lindsay, of the School of Liberal Arts, Boston University, will sail from New York, June 12, for a three months' tour abroad, visiting Italy, Spain, and points upon the Mediterranean.

—Dr. E. W. B. Hammond, who retired from the editorship of the Southwestern Christian Advocate at the close of the last General Conference, has been appointed presiding elder of Louisville District, Lexington Conference. His residence will be in Louisville, Ky.

—Bishop Walden was the guest of Dr. W. N. Brodbeck, of Trinity Church, Charlestown, on Tuesday, April 27, and attended the general class of the church with the pastor in the evening. It was a great pleasure to the members of the church to have the Bishop present.

—At the annual meeting of the Troy Conference Alumni Association of Boston University School of Theology, the following officers were elected: President, Rev. Wm. Henry Washburne, D. D., '66; secretary, Rev. Elam Marsh, '63; and treasurer, Rev. R. H. Washburne, '62.

—The New York Sun thus frankly characterizes the address of President McKinley at the dedication of the tomb of General Grant, the full text of which may be found on the 4th page:—

"Simple, direct, manly, brief, cleanly thought and clearly phrased, the President's speech at the tomb almost made up for the lack of genius by the good taste and entire sincerity of the utterance, and its freedom from affectation or decorative commonplace. This is the sort of talk that appeals to the sort of citizen that constitutes an overwhelming majority of our people. With the exception of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, Major McKinley is the best occasional speaker we have had in the White House since the war."

— Bishop Warren attended the chapel service of Brown University at Providence, Monday morning, and delivered a five-minute address, to the great delight of faculty and students.

— Rev. W. J. Davidson, who is about to graduate from Garrett Biblical Institute in May, will take charge of Centenary Church, Jacksonville, Ill., in the absence of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, the pastor, who is to sail soon from San Francisco for India with a shipload of corn.

— Bishop McCabe visited Prescott Post, G. A. R., on Friday evening at Providence, and was given an ovation by the "boys in blue." His address and the singing of "We're Coming, Father Abraham," was received with great enthusiasm.

— The many friends of Mrs. Mary C. Nind, of Detroit, Mich., will regret to learn that while filling engagements in Cincinnati recently she was stricken with congestion of the brain, brought on by overwork. The attack, however, is regarded as a slight one, and she is already on the road to recovery.

— Rev. Dr. C. W. Rowley, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Manchester, N. H., has been elected by the board of management superintendent of the Heddington Chautauque School at Heddington, N. H., in the place of Rev. O. S. Baketel, resigned. A program of special interest is being prepared for the summer by the new officers.

— John R. French, vice-chancellor of Syracuse University and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of that institution, died at his home in Syracuse last week after a brief illness. Prof. French had reached the age of more than three-score years and ten. For more than thirty-five years he filled the post of professor of mathematics with distinction.

— We understand that the Bishops at Providence voted to recommend to the trustees of Drew Theological Seminary the following as suitable candidates for election to the chair made vacant by the death of the late Dr. George R. Crooks: Rev. R. J. Cooke, D. D., of Chattanooga, Rev. J. F. Dryer, D. D., of Genesee Conference, and Rev. J. A. Faulkner, of Binghamton, N. Y.

— Rev. Dr. Wilbur G. Williams, pastor of Union Church, St. Louis, Mo., died April 16. He was born in Ohio in 1822. He did efficient work in several Conferences, and at two times held professorships in his alma mater, Allegheny College. For a time he was president of that institution. He went to St. Louis in 1894. Rev. Dr. Naphtali Lucecock succeeds him as pastor of Union Church.

— The Northern Christian Advocate announces that Rev. Dr. Webb, pastor of University Avenue Church, Buffalo, who accompanied Prof. Commons' party, making a careful study of Auburn prison, the George Junior Republic at Freeville, and the Elmira Reformatory, is giving a series of four discourses on Sunday evenings on criminology.

— Rev. W. P. Odell, D. D., of Richmond Ave. Church, Buffalo, is meeting with encouraging success in his pastorate. The walls of the new edifice, which is to cost \$100,000, are being laid. The congregations are increasingly large, and the Sunday-school, numbering a thousand, crowds the chapel every Sunday. Over fifty souls have been added to the membership as the result of a gracious revival during the last winter.

— The Chicago Times-Herald of April 28 devotes a large part of one page to a report of the celebration in memory of General Grant which occurred in Galena, Ill., April 27. This was the town that sent Ulysses S. Grant to the war. A noble monument has been erected to him and every year his memory is honored. Three years ago President McKinley delivered the oration. This year Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D., of Chicago, was the distinguished orator. His address is very highly commended.

— The Western says in its last issue of Dr. J. M. Avann, formerly of the New England Conference: "Dr. J. M. Avann, of Toledo District, is bound to do one of two things—either to kill himself (which, at the pace he is going, would not be surprising), or to stir up the work on his district. The latter, we devoutly trust, he will accomplish. Since March 26 he has had two services every day, without a single day off, besides a multitude on Sundays. Included in the latter is a series of Epworth Bible Studies, with text, prepared and published by himself. These, as indeed all the services, are greatly enjoyed. And he is to have no pause until July 12."

— Gerald Stanley Lee, writing in his own unique and very attractive style of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in the last *Orbit*, makes the following very just discrimination:—

"The moral genius which fired Mrs. Stowe into being a literary genius, which made her an artist at times by a *tour de force*, was absolutely necessary to her hold upon her gifts. The success of Uncle Tom was based upon the moments in which she was a genius and an artist both. The moments of intense conception, of identification with her scenes, which all recognize as coming and going in her work, are to be accounted for in the force, did not conceive them, did not have the artist's gifts for them, unless they were moved with anger or love. The rest of the time they were plain preachers. Their moral genius borrowed artistic genius."

Brieflets.

The report of the Bishops' Meeting at Providence will be found on the 16th page.

Bishop Joyce has sent for a dozen Epworth League charters for China. There are nearly two thousand members of the League in China, Japan and Korea.

Our churches are giving royal and affectionate welcome to the old and tried pastors as well as to the new. So similar are these receptions that we can only note the fact in each case and not give large space to mention of particulars, as some correspondents desire.

Dr. L. M. Dunton, president of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., accompanied by Mrs. Dunton, Miss Eva Penfield, superintendent of the Simpson Memorial Home of the same place, and five young men, will arrive in Boston Wednesday next in the interest of the University. Prof. Wm. L. Bulkley has been here several days making appointments for the quintet to sing. The name, "Plantation Melody Quintet," suggests the character of their entertainment. We heartily commend Dr. Dunton, his helpers and his cause, to the favorable consideration of our ministers and churches.

At the second annual Union Conference of the churches of Hampden and Hampshire Counties, held at the First Baptist Church, Springfield, Tuesday, April 27, over which Rev. L. Clark Seelye, D. D., presided, and addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Leighton Williams, L. Winchester Donald, and Newman Smyth, Dr. Daniel Dorchester delivered an address upon "The Trend toward Union in American Churches."

It is often said that people love to be humbugged. And it does look so. How otherwise shall we explain the very general success, the wide popularity, of those who deal largely in pretense and are far from sincere in their character? Is it that people generally are so lacking in penetration that they cannot see through these delusive appearances? Is it that they are so indolent that they prefer to take men at their own estimate rather than to be at the trouble of making up their minds about them from independent investigation? Or is it that they admire the sort of dash and daring that can palm off a sham for something substantial, and so are willing to give the fellow who he demands? We will not attempt to decide. Perhaps all these dispositions have something to do with the result. Only he who is blind to facts can deny that humbuggery, even religious humbuggery, is a very considerable power in the world.

The Presbyterian Synod in session at Sunderland, England, April 29, formally rejected the petition, containing charges of heresy held against Rev. John Watson, D. D. ("Ian Mac-laren"), by a vote of 12 to 1. The petitioners explained that they would be satisfied if Dr. Watson assured the synod that statements made against the soundness of his doctrines were false. The synod, however, refused even to call Dr. Watson. Dr. Watson, to a representative of the Associated Press, said: "I desire, through the Associated Press, to thank the members of all churches in America who have written to me or cabled me, for whose sympathy and kindness I have been very grateful."

Bishop Thoburn calls attention to the fact that the members of the Methodist Church in Canada give 57 cents a member to their Missionary Society, while we give, on this side of the boundary line, only 39 cents. Even in Ohio the average missionary contribution of the membership is only 43 cents, and in the two States of Indiana and Michigan the average is only 35 cents. Since the average wealth of the Canadian brethren must be much less than that of the Methodists in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, the fact that the former give twice as much for the extension of the Gospel demands explanation. Bishop Thoburn thinks the reason is in the fuller organization of the Canadian Church. It has nearly 50,000 enrolled members of the Missionary Society, every one a regular giver. The Bishop advocates an organization for each pastoral charge. The Missionary Secretaries have recently made a move for this, sending out to all the preachers copies of a constitution for such an organization. We hope many of our preachers will give it a trial this Conference year, and see if by this means our missionary contributions cannot be put on a more abiding basis. It is certain that we are not doing what the needs of the cause demand. One dollar a member per annum is the very least that should be thought of. Anything short of this is a reproach.

Solemnly prophetic, especially to American Methodism, are the words of Rev. G. F. Fremantle, a Wesleyan Methodist, delivered in his London pulpit and borne to us by our English exchanges:—

"So long as loyal and devoted Methodists keep true to their faith and principles, so long as they hold tenaciously to the old Book and the old Gospel, and cultivate the same spirit which animated their forefathers and made them famous, Methodism will rise and be a great and universal power for good in the world. But if, on the other hand, she becomes lax and lukewarm, if she allow the red tape of officialism and ecclesiasticism to preponderate, to the detriment of the inner spiritual life, great will be her fall."

The friends of temperance in this Commonwealth, in New England, and indeed everywhere, gratefully share in the jubilee of thanksgiving which was celebrated on Saturday and Sunday, May 1 and 2, by the people of Cambridge over the ten years of consecutive no-licence victory which has prevailed in that city. The clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic, representatives of the various educational institutions, and prominent laymen, in a series of enthusiastic mass meetings rejoice over the great triumphs won, and heroically and with great good sense plan to maintain the noble record in the future. The remarkable success achieved for prohibition in that city is clearly attributable to the fact that all opponents of the open saloon, sinking minor issues and differences of opinion, concentrate to secure a majority vote against no-licence. This is the all-important lesson which this Cambridge jubilee bears to the other cities of Massachusetts.

The attention of our ministers is especially called to the condition of the American Bible Society. The stringent times have seriously affected its receipts. The managers make this frank announcement in the *Bible Society Record* for April:—

"The shrinkage in the gifts of the living, and the falling off of legacies at the same time, make it imperative to inform the friends of the Society, and all indeed who count upon its co-operation in the evangelization of the world, that the appropriations announced for the current year, already exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, cannot be paid, nor can the Society's work in foreign lands continue, unless, either directly or through the societies enrolled as auxiliary, contributions are made to its treasury on a scale greatly in advance of the last two years."

Perhaps no denomination would be so seriously affected in its missionary work as our own if the American Bible Society, which has so generously and heartily co-operated with the work of our church, were obliged to withhold its assistance. We hope our ministers will present this cause independently, and early in the Conference year, to their churches. It is both unfair and ungrateful to "omnibus" this collection, or for the minister to relieve his conscience by giving the customary one dollar himself.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

"Metropolitan."

MANY of us in this vicinity feel as though we had passed through a cyclone, or rather that a cyclone had passed through the New York, New York East and Newark Conferences, and we are busy collecting the remains, and trying to find out where we are. All the weather prophets had warned us, the barometer said "stormy," but we did not expect a tornado. Happy was the man who was in some ark! For a few days no one felt specially safe that did not hold a General Conference position. We have never known before a cabinet to send word to the talking committee to keep talking, as they could not make the appointments. It was a spectacle to see the clergy who they braced up for the task and kept on talking. Dr. Buckley was said to have made twenty-seven speeches and showed no signs of weariness, nor did the people. And when the people had gathered for the fifth time to hear the appointments, and when at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night the Bishop came in, pale, weak, and with tears begged their indulgence for another day as he simply was too exhausted to complete the appointments, this great body of talkers adjourned until morning, braced themselves, and talked on until Thursday afternoon. But in the meantime a large number of their brethren and the laymen were in purgatory.

We have never known, and hope that we may never know again, three great Conferences so burdened with the matter of appointments. In the New York Conference it was simply a question of forcing out of the active list into the superannuated, just as many men as possible, while some went into the supernumerary list, and others were hung up "without work," and they must shift for themselves. The Bishop gave the elders plenty of time to make the appointments, and when they could not do it in a reasonable period, he rose to the position and made certain "episcopal appointments." "Metropolitan" has not up to the present writing heard any one speak of them as wisely made. But they were made, and the Bishop goes off a thousand miles and the preachers "homeward wend their weary way." There is something sublime in the heroic way in which a body of men who have been changed and changed again like so many pieces on a chess-board, yet go to their work, and go forward with it as though they had received exactly what they wanted. While sometimes there is small faith in the wisdom of some of "the powers that be," there is in the ordinary Methodist preacher a great deal of faith in the providence of God to overrule all for the best.

Ten days have intervened since Conference, and it is wonderful how the troubled waters have gone down after this flood. Some of the churches are finding unexpected virtue in their men, and the men are receiving generous welcome even when not asked for. In the East Conference it was a battle royal as to whether certain men should be received into the Conference as transfers. The members of the Conference were very generally on one side. The Bishop carried his points in part by wearing out the elders and holding the Conference until Thursday afternoon. By that time the brethren

were ready to receive anything, in their desire to get somewhere and get to work.

It would be difficult to find in the same area three Conferences so entirely different in their men, their methods, and their spirit. In the New York Conference there seems to be a lack of men of the large and commanding intellectual power and moral qualities that fit them for leadership on the floor of the Conference. There is a distinct impatience in that Conference with debates and debaters. Leadership there is gained by other than the talents shown in debate or in discussing great questions. It is an easy Conference to preside over. I hear it said by several of their men that there was very little manifestation of the partisan spirit that has been the curse of this Conference for a generation. There is a great temptation there for the Bishop to take the time the members do not use, and to give them long and not particularly brilliant talks. Very possible that after one passes the golden milestone of manly self-restraint he comes to love the sound of his own voice, and becomes unduly interested in his own peculiar views. In the Newark Conference they have the good qualities of both the others in fair proportion, and a splendid class of men.

We never have had in these Conferences so many men of marked ability that the Bishops did not know what to do with, as this year. These were in almost every case transferred men who had enjoyed the cream of the appointments and were unwilling to take what the Bishops could give them. There are some remarkable cases of men who received appointments that were nominal and so "without work," when the facts were that the Bishops could not find places large enough for the unusual talents and powers of work of these great men. They are as able to work as any of their brethren, but — it is said that one of the Bishops, who is known as a great ecclesiastical lawyer, spent half an hour in throwing dust about the subject of nominal appointments, and telling how he did not believe in them; but the other Bishops made them, and so — he did it. It is sure to make the Bishops trouble, for they will have these men, as Sinbad the sailor had the old man of the sea, on their shoulders until they find places for them. There have been some marked cases of men who fail to identify themselves with the Conference or its work, and so are not in demand. It will become more and more difficult for the Bishops to force such men into places they may in some past time have been able to fill. No preacher can live very long on his past record, except in his own fancy.

"Metropolitan" has been amused to hear the present crisis discussed as in some way growing out of the "five years' term," and some think that the going back to the three years' rule would remove these difficulties. What is needed much more is a willingness on the part of these prominent men to take what they can fairly get, like the rest of their brethren. They need to get it out of their heads that they have a sort of divine claim to all that is best in sight, and that everything must be kept open until they are cared for. Men must be content to stand on the basis of their own work, and when the churches all about them fail to see or appreciate them at their own standard, they ought to think that somebody is mistaken. Another thing that is strangely ignored in the matter is the fact that there is a large and growing class of young men that are working to the front, and are there to stay. Bishop Walden was obliged, by reasons that no Bishop could set aside, to appoint such young men as Downey and Crowder and Peck and Scofield — all young men — to four of the best pulpits in the Conference. The people deliberately and carefully made their own selection. The troubles cannot be cured by legislation, and they must be met in a good spirit and by a firm and wise episcopal administration. It was a good thing for the Bishops to set aside several transfers for which there was no good reason.

We shall miss in this vicinity certain men who have gone "in and out" among us, mostly "in," for many years, and have come to be recognized as peculiarly "our own." What will "Metropolitan Methodism" do without the charming and brilliant pen of "Stylus," whose letters for so many years have been a marked feature of the *Advocate*? He had, also, a way of making things lively in our Preachers' Meeting. Also, for us! he was demanded in the college city of Middletown, and we prophesy for him a brilliant career in that church. He is a preacher of great ability, and will be popular among the students. Dr. Chadwick goes to Grace, New Haven, and Dr. M. B. Chapman to his old field in the First Church of the same city. In his former pastorate he was recognized as one of the ablest and best preachers that church had ever had. He will surely succeed again. We hoped to hold them all in this vicinity. Dr. Masden has gone West, and by his going was understood to make possible the coming of Dr. Goodell from Boston to Hanson Place.

I hear that the Missionary Board at their last meeting reversed their policy in the matter of Chile, and, as I indicated in my last letter, the matter was brought up again when Dr. Buckley returned. By an array of evidence that no man, not even Judge Fancher who was on the other side, could answer, Dr. Buckley showed the absurdity of the position that the Missionary Society could not hold property in Chile. Those who were present speak of Dr. Buckley's address and management of the case as being exceptionally able, and as leading the Board to the only action that was consistent with its original course.

The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON VII.

Sunday, May 16.

Acts 14: 11-22.

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: *I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.*—Acts 13: 47.
2. Date: A. D. 47.
3. Places: The Lycæonian towns of Lystra, Derbe, and Iconium; Antioch in Pisidia.
4. Home Readings: Monday—Acts 14: 1-7. Tuesday—Acts 14: 8-18. Wednesday—Acts 14: 19-28. Thursday—Rom. 1: 16-23. Friday—Rev. 19: 6-10. Saturday—2 Tim. 3: 16-17. Sunday—5 Cor. 11: 31-38.

II. Introductory.

In the town of Lystra and the neighboring villages the apostles met with some success. In the former place Paul noticed one day a cripple—a born paralytic—whose keen attention and evident faith in the supernatural power of the Christ he was preaching so affected him that he singled him out at once in the presence of the multitude, and with a loud voice bade him stand upright on his feet. Instant power accompanied the word; and the man, who had never before supported his own weight, rose and walked, and exultingly leaped, showing that he was completely cured of his disability. The wonder-stricken natives, who clung to their pagan traditions, at once attributed this miracle to the deities who, according to their beliefs, had in bygone times visited the district in human shape; and said to one another in awestruck tones: "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The venerable Barnabas they took to be Zeus or Jupiter, and the younger and eloquent Paul they called Hermes or Mercury. The whisper passed from lip to lip till it reached the priest of Jupiter whose temple stood outside the city, who, procuring bulls and garlands and followed by a procession, proceeded to the house where the apostles were stopping, to do them sacrifice. The idolatrous purpose was at once thwarted by Paul and Barnabas, who, horror-struck on learning the terrible mistake that had been made, rent their clothes and rushed into the midst of the company with the most earnest protests, declaring to them that they whom they had taken to be gods were only mortals like themselves, who had come to them for the very purpose of trying to induce them to turn from their empty idolatries to the living God, who made all things, and who, while suffering the nations to walk in their own ways, had not "left Himself without a witness," in His gift of rain and fruitful seasons.

Disappointed at the repulse of their proffered honors and perhaps chagrined at the mistake which they had made, the Lystrians were quite ready to lend an ear to some Jewish bigots from Antioch and Iconium, who had tracked Paul and Barnabas to their present field with a malignant purpose. Accepting their representations that the apostles were renegade Jews, whose extraordinary powers were easily explainable on the supposition of magic, "the easy step from blind worship to rabid persecution," was quickly taken. Paul was stoned in the streets of Lystra, and, being supposed to be dead, was dragged through the city gate and cast outside. The disciples who had been won by his preaching gathered sorrowfully around his prostrate and bleeding form; but while they mourned, to their great joy he revived, rose to his feet, and returned with them to the city, whence, on the next day, he departed with Barnabas to Derbe, where many disciples were gained to the faith.

Derbe marked the extreme limit of Paul's first journey. From this point he might have proceeded straight to the Syrian capital whence he started; but his solicitude for the converts whom he had gained led him to retrace his steps. Risking all perils, he went backward on his path, with Barnabas, passing through Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, "confirming the souls of the disciples," bidding them continue in the faith, and forewarning them of the inevitable temptations which lay before them in their heavenly journey.

III. Expository.

11. When the people (R. V., "the multitudes") saw what Paul had done—the instantaneous, complete and evidently supernatural cure of the cripple. Saying in the speech of Lycaonia. — In their excitement the Lystrians fell back on their native dialect, of which nothing is now known, and which, of course,

was unintelligible to the apostles. The gods are come down to us. — In this remote province faith in the old mythologies still survived. Human theophanies still lingered among their legends. One of these will be found under illustration below.

The very name of Lycaonia, according to the tradition, was derived from an old mythological fable of Jupiter having come down in the form of a man to pay a visit to their king, Lycæon. Lycæon, doubting the divinity of this visitor in human shape, determined to put him to the test. For this purpose he butchered a child, and had him brought upon the table as disguised food for his guest. Jupiter in wrath burned his palace with lightning, and transformed the brutal king into a wolf (Whedon).

12, 13. They called Barnabas Jupiter. — Jupiter, or Zeus, was the chief or king of the gods in the classic mythologies. Barnabas' dignity of manner and superior age may have led to their giving this title to him. And Paul, Mercurius (R. V., "Mercury"). — Mercury was the attendant of Jupiter, and the god of eloquence. To the superstitious Lystrians Paul ably filled the rôle of Mercury. Priest of Jupiter—who would be quick to notice the popular feeling. Which was before the city—R. V., "whose temple was before the city." Brought oxen and garlands—for a sacrifice. The garlands were composed of the plants or flowers sacred to the gods mentioned, and were to adorn the victims, and possibly the priest or altar, or even the apostles. Unto the gates—either of the city, or of the house where the apostles were stopping. Would have done sacrifice—was on the point of doing it.

14, 15. Apostles . . . rent their clothes (R. V., "garments")—an act expressive of the deepest abhorrence. "The two apostles, not knowing what the cries meant (which is certainly implied, and which accounts for the dialect being here specially mentioned), were unconscious of the honors in store for them until they saw the sacrificial procession; and then, horror-struck, they rushed out to prevent the profanity. Raphael's famous cartoon gives a vivid idea of the scene" (Stock). We also are men—as though they would say: You are making a terrible mistake; we are not gods but men. Of like passions—down upon your level, in respect of sufferings, infirmities, death; why deify mortals like yourselves? Preach unto you—R. V., "bring you good tidings." They had not come to receive divine honors, but to preach a divine Saviour. Turn from these vanities—R. V., "turn from these vain things;" "the emptiness and worthlessness of heathen worship" (Plumptre). Unto the living God—an Old Testament designation of Jehovah, in contrast with the lifeless idols of the heathen. Which made heaven—R. V., "who made the heaven." We sometimes forget that "creation is one of the facts of revelation."

The Greeks generally did not regard the gods as the creators of material things; matter was eternal; the gods themselves were created in time; thus Zeus was the son of Chronos and Rhea, and Mercury was the son of Zeus, or Jupiter; and in their mythology, the various domains of nature had each its own deity (Abbott).

16-18. Who . . . suffered the nations—abandoned the heathen, seeing that they had abandoned Him, to their idolatry and ignorance; allowed them to "run their course," as the law had been allowed to do its part, and imperfect work among the Jews, as parts, if one may so speak, of a great divine drama, leading both to the need of redemption and preparing both for its reception" (Plumptre). Left not himself without witness.—God's abandonment was not entire. From the bounties of nature the heathen might learn of their dependence upon God and their consequent obligations. Did good . . . gave rain, etc.—specifications in detail of God's watchcare. "They were indebted for the blessings of life, which they ascribed to Jupiter and Mercury, to the living God" (Gloss). Scarce restrained they.—It was hard to disillusionize the people after the miracle. Further, as Whedon suggests, "old Lycæon having been destroyed for not recognizing the incarnate Jupiter, these Lycæonians are fearful lest they should make a similar mistake."

19. Came thither—to Lystra. Certain Jews.—R. V. omits "certain." Says Schaff: "The stubborn jealousy of the race felt that in Paul they had to fear one whose life work was the breaking down of the wall of partition which separated the Hebrew race from the rest of the world." From Antioch and Iconium.—The Pisidian Antioch is meant. These persecutors had traveled more than one hundred miles to accomplish their malignant purpose towards Paul. Persuaded the people (R. V., "multitude"). — They probably made the people think that the men whom they had just been ready to deify were renegade Jewish jugglers who performed miracles through magic. Stoned Paul.—The Jews plainly led the attack, which occurred inside the town, there being no scruples to deter them as in the case of Jerusalem. Barnabas escaped, probably as being the less prominent and obnoxious of the two. To this stoning Paul refers in 2 Cor. 11: 25. Drew him—R. V., "dragged him." Supposing . . . dead.—They meant to kill him, and thought they had; he ceased to show signs of life.

"Once I was stoned," wrote the apostle of the Gentiles, referring to this event. Yes, Paul; and once another thing happened, equally memorable. Once he stoned another, and once he was stoned himself. Strange revolution of the wheel! Now it is his turn to enact the martyr, praying for his murderers, and looking forward to rest. What a crowd of memories must have rushed up when he felt his spirit swooning away under the stone shower! This would seem the echo of his own dread cry. Stephen's heroic death must have left its mark deep on the heart of the converted Paul. Perhaps when he felt what he believed to be the

sleep of death creeping over his senses, he expected at his next awakening he would find himself in Stephen's company (W. Arnot).

20. As the disciples stood round—in sorrow. Incidentally we learn that Paul's labors had not been in vain. Among the "disciples" Timothy probably was numbered. Rose up.—He was not dead, after all; but yet, that he should be able to rise up and walk unaided to the city from which he had just been dragged with life apparently extinct, can be scarcely explained without the assumption of a miraculous recovery (so Schaff, Meyer, and others). And that, after this savage violence Paul should rise and go about as though nothing had happened, must have seemed the most striking evidence yet exhibited to this people of God's mighty power. Came (R. V., "entered") into the city—where they could all see him, and where he spent the night. Departed—R. V., "went forth." Derbe—a few hours' journey away—possibly twenty miles. This was the extreme eastern limit of his first missionary journey.

21. When they had . . . taught many—R. V., "had made many disciples;" among them was Galus, who afterwards accompanied Paul in his visit to Rome (20: 4). Years afterwards, when enumerating in his Epistle to Timothy (2 Tim. 3: 11) his persecutions during his first missionary journey, Paul omits Derbe, a striking instance of agreement between the Epistles and the Acts as Paley clearly shows. Returned—went back on their course; when they might have kept straight onward to the famous pass known as the "Cilician Gates," and there have taken ship from Tarsus to Antioch. But the same heroic zeal which led them to encounter perils in planting Christian churches on heathen soil, now constrained them to face new dangers in going back over the same ground and confirming the faith of the disciples.

Precautions of secrecy they doubtless took, and cheerfully faced the degrading necessity of guarded movements, and of entering cities, perhaps in disguise, perhaps only at late nightfall and early dawn. The Christians had early to learn those secret trusts and midnight gatherings and private watchwords by which alone they could elude the fury of their enemies. But the apostles accomplished their purpose. They made their way back in safety (Farrar).

22. Confirming the souls of the disciples—strengthening and building them up by instructions and encouragements. Exhorting them to continue—to work out their salvation; not to be moved away from the gospel hope; to live that life of faith "where present strength and future hope are derived from a personal trust in a personal Saviour" (Abbott). Through much tribulation—R. V., "many tribulations." The apostles announce to these converts the universal law of discipleship—"no cross, no crown." The very word "tribulation," as Trench shows, is derived from the threshing instrument with which the husbandman separates the corn from the husks. To be fitted for the heavenly garner, there must be previous "threshings" or tribulations.

Much tribulation! Yes; but they will pass through it. What a word is this! Thanks be to God for this blessed transitive preposition! No part of speech so sweet as this in all the lessons of the grammarian! There is trouble, but the disciples of Jesus Christ get through it. You never read of the unsaved passing through their suffering; or of the saved in Christ passing through their joy. It is not only that in point of fact tribulation happens to lie between Christians and their rest; it has been placed there of deliberate design by a wise and loving Father, in order that by passing through it they may be prepared for a rest beyond (Arnot).

IV. Inferential.

1. The Gospel, by "the power that worketh in us," can heal all innate impotency.
2. The true minister will never accept personal honors at the expense of conniving with men's errors and vices.
3. Mistakes and prejudices should be dealt with promptly, candidly and firmly.
4. Men without the light of grace have still the light of nature.
5. God has never left Himself "without witness" in any place or age.
6. Nothing is more sickle than popularity. The "honor that cometh from God" is the only kind that lasts.
7. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
8. It is not enough to make disciples; they need to be confirmed and built up in the most holy faith.

V. Illustrative.

There was a myth that two of the gods, Jupiter and Mercury, had visited this very region. In return for the kind and hospitable welcome they received from two poor peasants, Baucis and Philemon, these deities, while punishing the churlish and inhospitable inhabitants of the land who had refused to receive them, by overwhelming them and their homes in a terrible inundation, rewarded their kind hosts by changing their lowly hut into a proud temple, at the altar of which Baucis and Philemon were appointed to minister. The Roman poet Ovid thus tells the story:—

"Their little shed, ground large enough for two, Seemed from the clouds increased, in height and bulk to grow. A stately temple shoots within the skies; The crochets of their roof in columns rise; The pavement's polished marble they behold, The gates with sculpture graced, the spire and tiles of gold." (Schaff).

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AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

XV.

Bethlehem.

Dora M. Jones.

WE went to Bethlehem the following morning along one of the worst carriage roads it was ever my ill-luck to traverse, with hilly brown olive-planted country on either side, and a sky crossed with sailing masses of rain-cloud. We passed the roadside well which is said to mark the spot where the wise men of the East saw the star that led them to Christ's cradle at Bethlehem, and a little further on we came to the convent of Mar-Elias called after a certain Bishop Elias who erected it. Of course, however, it is connected with Elijah the Tishbite, and you are actually shown the impression in the hard rock made by the body of the prophet when he lay down to rest, as he was fleeing from Jezebel on his way to Beersheba! But by this time we had become accustomed to the fertility of the monastic imagination, and it ceased to astonish us.

We had become so much used to tiny and half-ruinous villages that Bethlehem struck us as a large town. It is finely situated on the side of a hill with a grassy plain stretching beyond it, where the shepherds are said to have watched their flocks on the night of the Nativity. The Well of David, an ancient rock-hewn cistern, is in a yard just within the gate. We went along a rough, narrow street, between rows of fairly substantial houses, with all sorts of strange winding stone stairs and crooked passages and projecting oriels, while the women in their pretty blue dresses, with long white veils and patches of scarlet stuff let into the front and sleeves of their gowns, their silver chains and armlets, and little black-eyed babies clinging to their skirts, stood at their doors to see us pass. The road brought us at last into a wide open space, one side of which is filled up with hotels and shops for the sale of Bethlehem specialties, mother-of-pearl work, and carvings in Dead Sea "stink stone," a sort of lava, while opposite as one enters is the great

Church of Constantine,

one of the very oldest extant specimens of Christian architecture. It is a huge, square, heavy, and utterly unbecomingly building, entered by a little door scarcely four feet high. This was meant as a reminder of the duty of humility. The gloomy vestibule within leads to the nave of the basilica. The clerestory walls are covered with frescoes executed in the time of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus. In the south aisle is an old stone font, with the touching inscription, "For the memory, repose, and forgiveness of sinners of whom the Lord knows the name." There is little enough elsewhere in the church to remind one of this tender spirit of charity. Everywhere the paroling off of chapels and shrines bears witness to a spirit of bitter religious rivalry. The east end of the church is cut off from the rest and divided between Greeks and Armenians, and here steps go down to the Grotto of the Nativity under the church, which can also be reached by a flight of steps from the small Latin Chapel of St. Catherine behind the choir. Before one of the altars belonging to the Greek Church with its strip of carpet in front, is a door from which the Latins have a right of way to one of the shrines, and if the Greek carpet impinges by half an inch on the Latin thoroughfare, fierce strife and even bloodshed may follow. Hence it was that, though standing on one of the most authentic sites in Palestine (for that the khan of Bethlehem stood here is practically certain, and rock-hewn stables abound in the country), it was impossible to give one's mind wholly to what should have been the associations of the place. In a semi-circular apse at the end of the Chapel of the Nativity a marble slab is fixed in the pavement, with the inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Close by in a recess of the rock is the shrine of the Manger, now in Santa Maria Maggiore, and opposite it is the shrine of the Magi.

We also saw the cave of St. Jerome, where he spent so many years working at his famous translation of the Scriptures, with his tame lion, so tradition says, crouching by his side. In another cave is his tomb, and opposite to it that of his two disciples, the Roman ladies Paula and Eustachia, who followed him here and founded a convent under his supervision. Near at hand is the altar of the Innocents, where twenty thousand children were said to have been tortured after Herod's massacre — a modest estimate!

One is so constantly reminded in Jerusa-

lem of the excellent work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund

that even after a hard and hot day's work we were prepared to welcome very heartily the prospect of a lecture by Dr. Bliss, the distinguished archaeologist, who has done so much to elucidate the vexed question of the position of the ancient walls. We had spent the afternoon with another distinguished member of this society, Dr. Schick, who probably knows more about ancient and modern Jerusalem than any man living. At a quarter to eight we were all ready for Dr. Bliss in the large upper hall of Howard's Hotel. He is a dark, alert, thoughtful-looking man, still young, with pointed beard and moustache, wide forehead, and an air of force and distinction which is borne out by his finished and quiet delivery. We all listened with bated breath while he told of how he had tracked the buried south wall of the city, from Bishop Gobat's school away south to the Pool of Siloam, and then north again to its junction with the present Haram wall, thus bringing in a large surface now without the area of the city, and how beneath this wall he had discovered thirty or forty feet down an older wall still, probably part of the original fortification of Solomon. And this was no holiday work, but a record of downright hard delving, trenching, and tunneling, through cabbage gardens belonging to unsympathetic Moslems — who have to be diplomatically dealt with lest they should sacrifice a promising theory to their vegetables — in pestilential shafts thirty feet under ground, by the light of smoky torches, in constant danger of malaria, or of sudden injury from falling earth or stones. We all knew something of what Biblical archaeology owes to this Association, but we had not realized fully, I think, till then, at how great a cost of time and strength the officers of the Fund continue their self-denying work, without fee or reward.

It is melancholy to think that so valuable a society should be crippled in its work for lack of funds. The following ominous sentence occurs in this year's annual report: "The liabilities on July 7, 1896, were £1,291 13s., and the balance in the bank on the same date, £191 12s. 8d. In order to carry out the objects of the Fund effectively, a considerable increase in its income is absolutely and essentially necessary." The secretary of the Jerusalem Association in connection with the Fund is Rev. Theodore Dowling, who went out with us from Marseilles to Jerusalem. Mr. Dowling, by the way, is a specialist in old Jewish coins, and has a large collection of them. He has four specimens of the Jewish half-shekel, the coin of the tribute money, which is now exceedingly rare, and which he showed us with the pride of the antiquarian. The British Museum has also four of them.

In spite of the energetic propaganda of the Roman Catholics, and the rapidly increasing number of the Jews, the Greek Orthodox is the sect most in evidence in Jerusalem. A large new Russian Church with hideous green domes is a conspicuous object west of the city. We called here at the time of vespers, on our way to Dr. Schick's house, and found it full of Russian pilgrims, a wild-haired, bronzed, poorly-dressed crowd, standing or kneeling with great devotion, while the service was chanted by the choir from behind the screen, which, as usual in Russian churches, cuts off the apse and high altar from the nave. I wish it were possible to give any idea of this — the most wonderful parting I ever heard in my life. It is entirely unaccompanied, and while the treble soars aloft in a plaintive strain of exceeding sweetness, the basses "thunder forth sonorous," plunging into unknown depths of sound, and sustaining as if on massive foundations the airy pinnacles of melody. The simple air was enriched with an infinity of strange and subtle modulations, all executed with perfect justness and precision, and the whole was deeply touching and thrilling, and so massive in its general effect that one could only think of that great multitude whose song St. John heard in his vision, as the sound of many waters. Sunday morning was the

Festival of St. George,

and we went to high mass at the church of that saint — a plain structure of no architectural pretensions, with a wooden screen cutting off the apse, and hung with icons in gilt frames. Another icon, representing St. George, stood in a shrine to the altar-screen, and here the faithful, a mixed throng, chiefly Russian pilgrims, were placing their flowers and candles. By the side of the shrine hung an iron collar,

which they kissed and laid on their shoulders, what for we could not quite make out. A Turkish soldier with a silver-headed staff was marching about, to keep order, like the Swiss in a French cathedral; and a group of sub-deacons and acolytes in black, with long dark hair, were standing to the right of the screen, chanting, as it seemed, antiphonally with the choir, which was invisible behind the screen, the ancient liturgy of St. Chrysostom. The Archbishop of Jerusalem, a venerable-looking gray-haired man, in his episcopal mitre and robes of gorgeous rose-colored brocade, celebrated mass, assisted by a Russian and an Arabic priest, in equally magnificent attire of blue and gold, but dark-bearded, and with their long dark hair flowing on their shoulders. It was difficult to follow the service, especially as it was being said in three different languages at once; but one could observe and marvel at the highly symbolical and ornate character of the ritual. Sometimes the veil was drawn across the door leading to the apse, while a deacon stood on the steps without, and led the devotions of the faithful. Then the veil was put aside, and the Archbishop came forward and elevated the sacred host, after which the people communed, those of them who desired to do so, at a small door on the left. The strange and rich effect of the unaccompanied chanting, the mysterious gestures, the dark beautiful heads of some of the young priests, set in a cloud of waving hair and beard, the sumptuous color of the vestments, the flowers and gliding and heavy smell of incense, made one imagine that one was present at the gorgeous pageant of some long-forgotten cult, it was so far removed from our sober Teutonic ideas of worship. After communion, the bread that remained over after the consecrated portion had been separated, was distributed by the Archbishop to the people in the court outside the church.

We went back to breakfast at the hotel, and then to matins in the Bishop's private chapel, a small, tastefully-fitted-up building adjoining his residence on a hill to the west of Jerusalem, not far from the Consulates. A small girls' school is attached to the chapel, and it was pretty to see the little maids coming in to the service in their blue print dresses and long white muslin veils. A new and more commodious set of buildings is rapidly rising outside the Bishop's house, and will doubtless add much to the efficacy of Anglican mission work among the Jews.

The present Pasha in command at Jerusalem seems to be popular with all classes, and Dr. Bliss dwelt in his lecture on the favor with which he had been treated by the Turkish Government. The people, too, professional beggars apart, seemed kindly and hospitably disposed toward the strangers in their midst.

We had become quite attached to our dragomans, and they to us, by the time we left. Our Greek guide Selim brought his mother, a venerable person in a white sheet, or something similar, to see us off at the station on Monday morning, and we departed in the midst of a carnival of handshakes and "good-byes," through the hill-country of Judea, down into the valley of Sorek, where Samson met Delilah, and out into the plain of Sharon, where the sower was already at work. Soon we saw the palms and orange groves of the sea-board, with the mud huts of the Egyptian gardeners among the bananas and sugar-cane plantations, and before long we were once more aboard the "Midnight Sun" and speeding due south for Alexandria.

S. S. "Midnight Sun."

IOWA'S SURRENDER.

Rev. C. L. Nye.

"WE have met the enemy and we are theirs," was the laconic message of defeat which Iowa sent out to the world last week. The contest has been sharp and incessant for ten years between prohibition and the liquor traffic, and the climax of interest was reached in the passage of the "Manufacturing Bill" and in the temporary dethronement of the principle of prohibition in Iowa.

In 1892, when the Prohibitory Amendment was carried by 30,000 majority, the victory seemed decisive and permanent. Two years later, when prohibition was declared to be "the cardinal principle of the Republican Party," it did seem that the cause was safe from political manipulation. But when this party went down to defeat in the election of Governor Boies in 1895, and once more in 1891, a great change came over the leaders of the party. In 1893, in deference to the claims of the liquor inter-

ests, the Republican Party being in power again, Governor Jackson and his party in the Legislature passed the "mulct law," which is an indirect license law, permitting and legalizing the sale of intoxicants in localities where 65 per cent. of the voters so consent. One year ago an attempt was made to pass a bill permitting the manufacture of liquors, the plea being that "if it was sold, it should be manufactured at home." By a hard fight this was defeated, and the mulct law was left unimpaired.

This winter an "extra session" of our Legislature has been held for the purpose of revising the Code of Laws. It was feared by some that the attempt would be made to push through this bill at this extra session. But as there seemed to be some question of constitutionality of enacting any legislation at an extra session other than that for which it was called, and as more than half the time of the session had elapsed without any bill being presented, the fears of the prohibitionists were quieted.

But some three weeks ago, like a bomb-shell, the bill was sprung in the House and was rushed through and passed by a considerable majority. Still, the hopes of the temperance people were strong that the Senate would defeat the measure. A test vote the year before had shown that a change of several votes would be necessary to pass such a measure. The fate of the measure hung on one or two votes. Senator Allyn, who represents a district in favor of the measure, was counted on to vote for it. But Senator Allyn is a Methodist local preacher and in the test voted against it, and the measure seemed to be lost. The Senate is a picked body of men. Many are prominent laymen in church work — like Hotchkiss, who is a Presbyterian elder; Barry, a prominent Methodist lawyer; and Rowen, who is a United Brethren minister. These all made able and effective speeches against the measure.

The chamber and galleries were packed by an anxious throng of interested citizens. One vote would decide the issue. How would the enemy gain that one vote? We have a small city, Pella, which is largely composed of Hollanders, who still wear their wooden shoes and love their beer. Yet owing to the sentiment of the county in which they are located they cannot legalize the saloon, even under the mulct law. Senator Druet is their representative. By securing a change in the law so that towns of this size, by 80 per cent. petition, can secure the benefits of the mulct law, he was willing to trade his vote for the Manufacturing bill. The trade was made. "The Dutch had downed us." The vote was taken, and passed by a vote of 36 to 24 — a bare constitutional majority. While, at this writing, the bill has to pass the House again, owing to some amendments to the original bill, still there is no doubt but what it will become a law and receive the Governor's signature.

Just what the result will be, we may not prophesy. It will certainly alienate many Prohibitionists who have up to this time stayed in the Republican Party. It is the last straw on the camel's back. It is a sad falling away from the bold and pronounced stand of this party ten years ago. Are we drifting backwards in our temperance sentiment? Will the people of Iowa allow the saloon again to be opened in communities where young men and women are grown who never saw an open saloon? Will the principle of prohibition be set aside, and the policy of license be the law of our State? We shall see.

Perry, Iowa.

Rock of Ages, within whose magic cleft my spirit would fain repose, it is not to shun the strife that I come to Thee! It is not to rest from labor that I would nestle under Thy shadow; it is that I may be "established in my going." I come to Thee for wings for new power of flight. I seek Thy rest because without Thee I cannot soar. I want to walk in the paths of righteousness, but I must first lie down in green pastures. — George Matheson, D. D.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Does not stain or injure the hands. Does not burn red.

MORSE BROS. PROP. CANTON, MASS. U.S.A.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Best Quality—Largest Quantity

FOR A QUICK SHINE APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH

MADE BY MORSE BROS. PROP. CANTON, MASS. U.S.A.

DOUSTLESS LABOR SAVING

The Conferences.

(Continued from Page 8.)

reception on Monday evening, April 26, to Rev. Dillon Bronson, of Lafayette St., Salem, Rev. C. A. Shatto, of Beverly, and Rev. H. H. Paine, of Tapleville. Rev. E. H. Knight, of Wesley Church, Salem, made a sitting address of welcome, to which the three ministers happily responded.

W. H. M. S.—The second quarterly meeting of New England Conference W. H. M. S. was held in Wesley Church, Salem, April 6. The devotional exercises both morning and afternoon were especially helpful and uplifting. The reports of Conference and district officers showed good work all along the line. Upwards of \$300 have been raised for the Emergency Fund. The receipts of the quarter are \$1,863. Mrs. Clark spoke briefly in behalf of the Immigrant Home. In the afternoon Prof. Harriette Cooke spoke in the interest of the Medical Mission work. An interesting address was given by Rev. G. W. Mansfield on "What are the chances which the years have brought in the various fields and emphasized the great need of city mission work because of the centralization of unchristianized foreigners in all our large cities and the massing of population. "If our own country is not saved, where shall we get material to send out for the salvation of other lands?" Mrs. Ainsworth spoke briefly before the close of the meeting. Fine weather and abundant hospitality added to the day's pleasure. **S. W. FLOYD.**

Methodist S. S. Workers' Union.—The third regular meeting of the Methodist Sunday-school Workers' Union was held in People's Temple, April 19. Although held on a holiday, eighty-five members gathered to enjoy the program. After the social hour and supper, Vice-president Leonard introduced Hon. A. S. Row, of Worcester, who gave a stirring address upon "The Significance of Patriots' Day," referring to the important events in the history of our country which have occurred on April 19, and urging teachers both secular and spiritual to instill ideas of true Christian patriotism into the hearts of the scholars committed to their care. The symposium, on "The Sunday-school Teacher," included papers by Rev. Chas. F. Rice, D. D., of Cambridge; Mr. F. Davidson, of Auburndale, and Rev. E. M. Taylor, D. D., of Roxbury, whose subjects, "Preparation of the Lesson," "Teaching the Lesson," and "Influence of the Teacher," were ably presented, the spiritual significance of the teacher's attitude being impressively dwelt upon, and much good counsel given. Miss Blanche Shattuck, of the Winthrop St. Sunday-school, gave appropriate readings during the meeting. The evening was considered one of the best the members have enjoyed. Nineteen applications for membership were received. **W. J. SLADE, Sec.**

W. F. M. S.—On April 14 the quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. was held at Melrose with an unusually large attendance for the busy season. The recent Conference changes have taken some of our most valuable workers to distant points, but while we feel the loss of their presence in our board, the gain will be shown in these distant points. In the absence of the president, Miss L. M. Hodgkins filled the chair most acceptably. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Leonard aided in the devotional exercises, and the members of the local auxiliary extended the welcome. The recording secretary's report was full of good news from our school work in Japan, with the perpetual cry for "more" from Korea, which means more workers and more supplies to meet the demands of our growing work. The Woman's College at Lucknow is strengthened by the completion of the "Harriet Warren

Memorial." The home secretary gave a useful suggestion for Band leaders and Junior League workers: When the children bring their gifts for mission-boxes, have a nice tree and allow the donors to hang the articles themselves. Two Christmas trees a year for our young people! A new Young Ladies' auxiliary at Baker Memorial Church was reported by Mrs. Nutter, and Mrs. Harrison has a new delight for the Light Bearers in the form of a tiny white-and-gold cradle box. Mrs. Fellows and Miss Peckers afforded great pleasure by their singing. Mrs. Jeanette Hauser, formerly of India, gave a most graphic description of the horrors of famine in India as she had witnessed them during an earlier famine. It was truly heart-breaking to learn of such misery. Mrs. Hauser made an appeal for clothing for these destitute people and described suitable garments. This movement has been warmly approved in England, and the British government sends all such gifts free of expense.

The treasurer reported \$5,525 to date, which is less than last year at this time. The response to the appeal for the famine relief fund, published in Zion's Herald and the leaders, has been generous—\$400 having already reached the treasurer. A vote of thanks to Dr. Parkhurst for his kindness in allowing space for the appeal and other publications was most cordially passed.

Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Gracey spoke of their observation of the work in China, and each gave some incidents of the success of the Bible women and other workers, and assured us of their intention to be of as much assistance as possible to the missionaries during their coming term at Foochow. "God be with you" comes naturally to our lips on such occasions.

The ladies of the Melrose Church generously provided the lunch, and the small amount charged went to the contingent fund. It was a grateful change from the basket-lunch, and all expressed themselves as pleased with the bright idea of the Melrose auxiliary. **C. B.**

West District.

Chicopee.—The work for the coming year has been outlined by the official board, and a program adopted which provides for doing considerable work of a popular character, in the hope to interest the public in the church. The first Sunday evening of each month is to be devoted to a preaching service accompanied by special music. The church will be open every Sunday of the year. During August the pastor will preach a series of sermons upon applied Christianity. During the fall and winter a course of stereopticon lectures will be given. The month of January will be devoted to special evangelistic services. Rev. R. E. Bisbee is pastor.

Springfield, St. Luke's.—A thoroughly renovated place of worship gladdened the pastor, Rev. W. G. Richardson, on his return from Conference. After being closed two weeks, the chapel was opened on Easter Sunday. The walls have been beautifully frescoed and a new carpet has been laid, making a very attractive interior. The Easter decorations were elaborate, and a crowded congregation welcomed the return of the pastor.

State St.—April 19 a reception was given the pastor, Rev. T. C. Watkins, D. D., and wife, in the church lecture-room and parlors, by the Ladies' Social Circle, the Young Ladies' Circle and the Young Men's Bible Class. The rooms were draped with the national colors and decorated with palms, potted plants and cut plants. At a largely-attended meeting of the official board the pastor was given a rising vote of thanks for his Easter sermon. Dr. Watkins is to be absent the first two weeks in May. He will deliver an address in connection with the opening of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville, and will then visit his mother in Illinois.

Bondsville.—Two months ago extensive repairs were begun upon the church, which was sadly in need of them. It was built twenty-one years ago, and in all that time has not been renovated. The plaster was off in many places, the walls and ceiling were dingy, the carpet was worn threadbare—in fact, the whole interior presented an uninviting appearance. Now everything is changed. New and beautiful ash casings have been placed about all the doors



Rev. R. E. Smith.

and windows in the audience-room, the walls and ceiling have been decorated, the pews and pulpit furniture cleaned and varnished, and a fine new carpet has been laid. The effect of the whole is very pleasing to the eye. The settees in both vestries have been painted, grained and varnished, and neat matting has been laid in the aisles of the large vestry, and in the front and rear. The halls and stairs have also been carpeted. A handsome pulpit Bible has been presented. The old members all say that the church is much more beautiful than when built. The rededication took place on Sunday, April 18. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. W. H. Newhall, of Wesleyan Academy, from 2 Cor. 12: 14: "I seek not yours, but you." In the evening the new presiding elder, Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., performed his first service in that capacity; he was heartily welcomed, and made a most favorable impression. After preaching from Luke 19: 10, he conducted a brief but impressive rededication service. During the day letters of greeting were read from several former pastors.

The cost of the repairs was \$700; of this amount all but \$190 was provided for before the reopening. On Sunday morning \$122 were



Bondsville M. E. Church.

raised, and in the evening the remaining \$68, after which the doxology, sung several times, expressed the gratitude of the people. The pastor distributed beautiful souvenirs of the memorable occasion, which were highly appreciated. The committee on repairs were E. G. Childs, E. E. Ryther and R. L. Bond, who for their untiring efforts deserve great credit. The faithful pastor, Rev. R. E. Smith, has given to every detail of the work careful attention, and has exerted himself to the utmost to bring it to successful completion. He it is who raised the money which made the repairs possible. The utmost harmony prevails in the church. The preaching services are largely attended, and the year opens auspiciously.

Gardner.—Mr. Wm. J. Edwards, formerly of Tremont St. Church, Boston, had charge of the Easter decorations. The result was exquisite beauty. The congregations were large and the evening concert was a success. A good offering for the Missionary Society was made. Rev. L. P. Causey, pastor.

Hampden.—A fine set of pulpit furniture in oak and crimson velvet has been placed in the church. On Tuesday evening, March 16, the parsonage was filled with a happy company who surprised the pastor and wife. An oyster supper was served, and fine social evening enjoyed. Before departing they presented Mrs. Bennett, the pastor's wife, a sum of money in appreciation of her untiring interest in the church. Rev. J. H. Bennett is pastor. **M.**

An exceedingly common mistake is to imagine that our cases are peculiar, that no one was ever so ill-treated or so unfortunate as we, and that we do well, therefore, to be angry. Not only are there vast multitudes worse off than we are, but there are very few whose lot we would be willing to exchange for our own if we knew all their circumstances. And the bad things in our lot have, most of them, been brought on by our own folly or sin, and the punishment we are suffering has a most beneficial work to do for us if we would but let it.

Save Car Fare



You can save fifty or sixty dollars a year—by using a Columbia bicycle—perhaps more—have fun doing it and grow strong and lusty at the same time.

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Best, \$80. \$45.

POPE MFG. COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for one 2-cent stamp.



The Queen Butter Maker.

THE SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

As will be seen by the illustration above, which is the latest model, the Queen Butter Maker is unlike any device that has ever been invented for churning. At the bottom of the large tub shown is a screw propeller modeled exactly like the large screw propeller used on the large ocean steamer. The gearing of this propeller in a minute, and agitates the cream a thousand times more strongly than the ordinary old-fashioned dasher churn. This immense agitation causes the tissues to break, and the butter is almost instantly made and gathered. From a scientific point of view, the butter must come gathered in a few minutes—it does come, forming a beautiful granulated butter like wheat kernels.

Experts in butter making in all parts of the country do not hesitate to say, that they have tested the "Queen" over and over, and pronounce it a wonder, that it is thoroughly practical, does just what is claimed for it, and that the grain of the butter is finer, brought by this process, than that produced by any ordinary churn, and it is very easily cleaned.

Experienced canvassers state "they never saw anything sold like the 'Queen,' they make easily from \$45 to \$100 a week, without a bit of trouble." A widow lady, Mrs. Byers, in Mississippi, with three children to care for, who had never sold anything before, states, "she made \$7.50 a day in addition to taking care of her family."

Sold Thirty-Six.
The best time I made in making butter was in 30 seconds, temperature was 54, cream was ripe, thick and sour. A grandson of mine, six years of age, made butter in one minute and a quarter from one gallon of cream, temperature and quality of cream same as above; they all have sold it. **J. E. DREIBACH, Carthage, Mo.**

One Minute.
The "Queen" is a success. Mr. Paine says he would not take twenty dollars for it if he could not get another. The butter has come three times in one minute; usually in two minutes or two and a half. Once it was five minutes, which was the longest time. We churn over eleven pounds a week; churn three times a week. **Mrs. S. O. PAINE, Orwell, O.**

Money Talks.
You will please send enclosed draft of \$34, for which send me 10 of your Queen Butter Makers. Send them as quick as possible. I have given the Queen Butter Maker a fair test and it does all that is claimed for it. **H. D. FLEMING, Jasper, Mo.**

Sold Six in Eight Hours.
I was out canvassing with the sample Queen Butter Maker you sent me and I have sold six. I was only out about eight hours one day. **A. W. COLWELL, Wilmore, Cambria Co., Pa.**

In Two Minutes Before One Hundred People.
The Queen Butter Maker is the finest machine that I ever saw for making butter. I have made butter in two minutes before a hundred people or more, and all say that it could not be beat. The machine talks for itself. **T. M. KROE, Williamsburg, Iowa.**

Sold Seventy-Five.
The Queen Butter Maker is O. K. and I have no trouble in getting butter in one and three minutes and have got better in fifteen seconds, and the more you use it, the better you can do with it, as it is different from any other churn or machine. You can make more butter and better butter in less time; it does all they claim. I sold seven machines in a day. **R. A. E. HAWRY, Fort Huron, Mich.**

Sold Twelve.
I traveled four days in my immediate neighborhood last week and have sold twelve "Queens." I have churned five times for different parties; the shortest time was three minutes, the longest time was seven minutes (milk, not cream). Did not have the temperature of the milk right. **W. D. LARSEN, University Station, Orange Co., N. C.**

Any of our readers who may be out of employment and who may desire a nice, clean business with plenty of money in it should write to The Queen Butter Maker Co., 107 E. Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio, as there will be an immense demand for the "Queen" this spring when the cows come in fresh. Everybody will want one, and money can be made.

ARMITROSE & McKEVY
Pittsburgh.
REYNOLDS & SUTHERLAND
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DAVIS & CHAMBERS
Pittsburgh.
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BRADLEY
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BROOKLYN
New York.
JEWETT
Pittsburgh.
UNION
Chicago.
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COLLIER
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WHAT has been your experience? That the "just-as-good," "sold-for-less-money" kinds are the most expensive? That the best, or standard, in all lines is the cheapest? The best in paints is Pure White Lead and Linseed Oil. (See list of the genuine brands.)

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free, also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application.

National Lead Co., 1 Broadway, New York.

NEW STYLES.



Most library tables are like the sea, which a well-known Bostonian described as "hopelessly common, except at Nahant."

It is not too much to demand that your Library Table shall have an individuality of its own, that it shall not be hopelessly commonplace, but as full of character as a sideboard or chimney piece was in the old halls of the German barons.

Evidence that such a table is possible may be found in the above engraving. Here is a design which is full of beauty and refinement.

In our immense assortment, comprising nearly four hundred different styles of Hall, Fancy, Centre, Tea, Library and Occasional Tables, there are always some designs of unusual merit. Our prices are extremely low.

Our new catalogue of Summer Furniture will be mailed on receipt of two 2-cent stamps.

PAINE FURNITURE CO.,
48 CANAL ST. - - BOSTON.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Hedding Chautauque Assn. Summer School and Assembly, at Hedding Camp-ground, Aug. 9-21

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. G. W. Norris, P. M., 71 Berkeley St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rev. A. S. Ladd, Waterville, Maine; family address, Calais, Maine.
Rev. John W. Adams, 20 High St., Methuen, Mass.
Rev. W. T. Ferrin, Hotel Bellevue, Beacon St., Boston.

W. F. M. S. - The Board will meet on Wednesday, May 12, at 10 a. m., in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.
C. BULLEN, Sec. Sec.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE W. F. M. S. - A convention will be held in North Boston, Thursday, May 13. Addresses by Miss Carr and Miss Atkinson, papers by Mrs. C. M. Menden and Mrs. O. W. Scott. Services morning, afternoon and evening. Basket lunch.
Mrs. J. H. James, Conf. Sec.

W. F. M. S. - The next meeting of Cambridge District will be held at Woburn, May 20. Sessions at 10 and 11. Morning session, reports, business, and a children's half-hour; afternoon session, short book reviews, music, and an address by Rev. Dillon Bronson, of Salem. Basket lunch. A large attendance is desired. Train leave Union Station at 9:15 a. m., 12:10 and 1:07 p. m.
ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Dist. Sec.

INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION. - The fourteenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 1-13. All persons, either men or women, who are or have been foreign missionaries in any field, of any evangelical denomination, constitute the only membership of the Union, and will be entertained without cost during the week. Provision cannot be made for the children of missionaries. Missionary candidates, under actual appointment, will, as far as practicable, be hospitably entertained. Board in private houses, at low rates, can be secured by other persons attending. Further information can be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Beautiful Specimens

OF

Doulton Faience.

Floor Vases of Miss Barlow's incised decorations, costing from \$20 to \$50 each. Also the smaller Mantel Vases. No duplicates.

Handsome Pitchers from the same pottery. All sizes. Costing from low cost up to expensive specimens. In the Pitcher Department are over 500 kinds to choose from.

Jardiniere of the Doulton faience decorations. Low tone colors. From the small to the large and very large sizes. An extensive exhibit to choose from.

American Cut Glass Pieces. Rich crystal cuttings. None finer made in the world. Adapted to Bridal Gifts.

China Dinner Sets, superb shapes and decorations, to be seen in Dinner Set Hall (3d floor).

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120 FRANKLIN.

\$500.00
IN
GOLD
FREE.

Are you a smart spell-er? We give \$500 away in prize to those who can make the largest list of words from the word SUBSCRIBER. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can, you will get a present anyway, and if your list is the largest you will get \$500.00 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letters in a word more times than it appears in SUBSCRIBER. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and we allow to be counted proper nouns, pronouns, prepositions, suffixes, any legitimate word. This is the way: Subscribers, subscribe, is, air, sire, rise, rub, bury, cub, cur, crib, etc. Use these words. The publisher of THE AMERICAN WOMAN will give away, on June 15, the sum of \$500 divided into sixty prizes, for the largest lists of words as above, \$10 to the person making the largest list; \$50 for the second largest; \$25 each for the next three largest lists; \$10 each for the three next largest; \$5 to each of the next three; \$10 to each of the next three; and \$5 to each of the next four largest lists. We want you to know our prize. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word-building contest, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents, silver or stamps, for which we will send you our handsome illustrated 24-page magazine for six months, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you free the following ten popular novels, by well-known authors: "Princess Fanny" by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Hugh Ricketts's Wife," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Amy's Lover," by Florence Murray; "Why They Parted," by May Agnes Fleming; "Gay Newton's Revenge," by Mary Cecil Hay; "Our Mutual Enemy," by Jane O. Austin; "Clara's Choice," by "The Duchess"; "Lavinia's Secret," by Helen Forrest Graves; "Gold and Silver," by James Franklin Pitts; "Uncle Lot," by Bartlett Boncher Stone. This offer is the greatest you have ever had made to you. Send your list at once. If you win one of the prizes your name will be published in our July issue. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, 119 and 121 Nassau street, Dept. 285, New York City, N. Y.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands cases pulled in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 100 Dr. Free by mail. Drs. GREEN & BONS, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

LEWISTON DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

APRIL.
26, N. Auburn & Turner; 27, Buckfield;
28, East Buckfield.

MAY.
1, 2 a. m., South Paris; 17, North Auburn;
2, eve, 1, Norway; 21, Locke's Mills;
3 p. m., Bolster's Mills; 22, 23, 24, Bethel, Mason &
3, 4 a. m., Mechanic Falls; 25, Newry;
5 p. m., Minot; 26, Andover;
10, South Auburn; 26, eve, Berlin, N. H.;
15, a. m., Lewiston; 26, a. m., Gorham.

JUNE.
5, 6, West Paris; 19, 20, W. Darh'm and P'w'nal;
11, 12, eve, Rumford Falls; 24, North Norway;
12, 13, a. m., Rumford; 25, 27, S. Water'd & Sweden;
17, 18, Cumberland & Fal-
mouth; 28, Bridgton;
29, Naples.

JULY.
1, 2, N. Coaway & Bartlett; 19, Oxford & Welchville;
3, Conway; 20, Empire;
7, Coaway Centre; 21, W. Cumberland;
8, Hiram; 22, So. Gray;
9, Baldwin; 23, 25, R'p'well & Orr's Id.;
11, 12, Fryburg & Stow; 26, R. M. Yarmouth;
16, 18, Auburn; 26, Yarmouthville;
31, Aug. 1, a. m., Bowdoinham.

AUGUST.
1, eve, 3, Brunswick; 9 p. m., 2, Bath, Wesley Ch.;
4, Lisbon & Lisbon Falls; 10, W. Bath;
7, 8 a. m., Bath, Beacon St.; 13, 15, eve, Long Island;
14, 15, a. m., Chebeague.

Brethren, let us seek to make this year a year of revival throughout the entire district.

J. ALBERT CORRY.

PORTLAND DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

MAY.
Chestnut St., Portland; 12, Westbrook, 12;
South Portland, 2; West End, Portland, 18;
Pleasantdale, 5; Alfred, 23, 24, a. m.;
Goodwin's Mills, 5, 6, a. m.; Sanford, 23, p. m., 24;
Holla, 5, eve, 10; Biddeford, 29, 30, a. m.;
Newfield, 15, 16; South Biddeford, 28, p. m.;
Biddeford Pool, 28, eve, 31.

JUNE.
Congress St., Portland, 2; Elliot, 13, eve, 14;
Gorham, School St., 5, 6, a. m.; Pine St., Portland, 15;
a. m.; Old Orchard & Saco Ferry, 16;
East Deering, 4, p. m.; Gorham, 19, 20, a. m.;
Woodford, 4, eve, 8; Kossar Falls, 20, eve, 21;
Peck's Island, 13, a. m., 14; Bowry Beach, 23;
South Portland, 13, p. m.; Kennebunkport, 26, 27, a. m.;
West End, 15, eve; W. Kennebunk, 27, p. m., 28;
Kennebunk, 12; Kennebunk & Saco Road, 21;
South Elliot, 13, 13, a. m.; eve, 28.

JULY.
Peck's Island, 4, a. m., 7; Saco, 17, 18, a. m.;
8, Portland 4, p. m., 7; Saco Ferry, 18, eve;
West End, 4, eve, 7; West Scarborough, 19;
York, 16, 11, a. m.; O'ham, N. H. St., 24, 25, a. m.;
Kittery, 24 Ch., 11, p. m., 13; Buxton, 26, p. m., 27;
Kittery, 1st Ch., 11, eve, 12; Standish, 18, eve;
Maryland Ridge, 31.

AUGUST.
Maryland Ridge, 1, a. m.; Berwick, 7, 8, a. m.;
Ogunquit, 1, eve, 2; So. Berwick, 8, eve, 9.

Changes will be made so far as practicable if sufficient notice is given. Additional week-day services will be held if desired. Preachers are earnestly requested to endeavor to secure a full attendance at the quarterly conferences.
H. O. THAYER, P. R.
28 Pleasant St., Woodfords, Me.
Quarterly conference.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

MAY.
Solon, 6, 9; Skowhegan, 26;
Bingham & Mayfield, 16, 18; Fairfield, 27;
Madison, 23, 24, a. m.; Waterville, 28;
N. Anson, 23, p. m. & eve, 24; N. Augusta, 29, 30;
Augusta, 31.

JUNE.
Hallowell, 1; Kingfield, 23;
Gardiner, 3; Strong, 23;
Richmond, 3; Farmington, 24;
East Readfield, 5, 6, a. m.; Temple, 25;
Kent's Hill, 4, eve; New Sharon, 26, 27;
Phillips, 13, 14; Industry & Stark, 28, 29;
Stratton, 19, 20; W. Wilton, 29.

JULY.
Wilton, 1; N. Ly'more & W. Payte, 10, 11;
Livermore & Hartford, 3, 4; Monmouth, 13;
Livermore Falls, 6; Winthrop, 14;
Wayne & N. Leeds, 7, 8; Mt. Vernon & Vienna, 15, 16;
Oakland & Sidney, 17, 18.

These appointments are subject to change if the convenience of the pastors and the necessities of the case shall demand.
A. S. LADD.
Waterville, Me.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

MAY.
1, 2, Somerset; 15, 16, a. m., Chilmark;
3, Middleboro; 16, eve, N. Tisbury;
5, W. Falmouth; 17, Cottage City;
6, South Carver; 18, Edgartown;
7, Taunton, Tremont St.; 19, Nantucket;
8, 9, a. m., Fall River, Sum-
merfield; 20, New Bedford, Fourth St.;
9, p. m., Fall River, North; 21, Long Plain;
10, 11, p. m., Acushnet; 22, 23, a. m., Myricks;
10, eve, New Bedford, Coun-
ty St.; 24, eve, Berkley;
11, Fall River, Brayton; 25, Fall River, St. Paul's;
12, 13, p. m., Somerset; Middleboro; 26, Taunton, Grace Ch.;
13, eve, Fall River, Quarry St.; 27, North Dighton;
14, New Bedford, Pleas-
ant St.; 28, Dighton;
15, Vineyard Haven; 29, 30, a. m., Fairhaven;
30, p. m. & eve, Cannonville & Rockdale.

JUNE.
1, Bridgewater; 17, Wellfleet;
2, East Bridgewater; 18, a. m., South Truro;
3, Whitman; 18, p. m., Provincetown, Centre;
4, Plymouth & Russell Mills; 18, eve, Provincetown, Cen-
5, 6, a. m., Marshfield; 19, 20, a. m., Saco;
6, eve, Bryantville; 20, eve, North Truro;
7, Taunton, 1st Ch.; 21, Orleans;
8, New Bedford, Fortresses; 22, South Harwich;
9, Fall River, 1st Ch.; 23, p. m., East Harwich;
10, Marion; 24, eve, Chatham;
11, Lanesmet & Pocomasset; 24, North Harwich;
12, 13, a. m., Falmouth; 25, p. m., West Dennis;
13, p. m., East Falmouth; 26, eve, South Yarmouth;
14, eve, Woods Hole; 26, 27, a. m., Osterville;
15, 16, Min. Assn. at Sand-
wich; 27, p. m., Centerville;
16, Sandwich; 27, eve, Marston's Mills;
16, Eastham; 28, Cotuit;
30, Sagamore;

JULY.
1, Wareham & E. Wareham; 4, eve, Westport Point;
2, 4, a. m., Little Compton; 10, 11, Taunton, Central;
13, Cotuit;
T. J. EVERETT.

Health and vigor are essential for success. Therefore make yourself strong and healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Marriages.

DAY - FENDLETON - In Keaduskeag, Me., April 27, by Rev. & F. Fendleton, Rev. James W. Day, of Cor-
and Sarah O. Fendleton, of Camden.

ATWOOD - MORTON - In Oakdale, April 21, by Rev. Julius R. Robinson, John M. Atwood, Jr., of Mansfield, and Addie F. Morton, of Oakdale.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCH STYUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DEDICATION AT LYNN HIGHLANDS. - The dedication services of the Highlands M. E. Church, Lynn, will be held on Sunday, May 9, at 3 and 7 p. m. Bishop Mallalieu will preach at 3 p. m., assisted in the service by Presiding Elder Thorndike and other ministers. A cordial invitation is extended to all former pastors and friends interested in this new branch of Methodism in Lynn.
W. JACQUES, Pastor.

METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION. - The fourth regular meeting will be held in People's Temple, corner of Columbus Ave. and Berkeley St., Boston, on Monday evening, May 10, at 8:15 o'clock. The guests of the evening are: Mr. F. P. Shumway, president of Boston Primary Union; Mrs. Isabelle Alden ("Pansy"), of Cambridge; Miss Bertha F. Vella, of Lynn; Miss Mary L. Kinney, of Jamaica Plain. Music will be rendered by the quartet of Temple St. Church. Supper at 8:15 o'clock.

W. H. M. S. - There will be a district meeting of the Western Division of Boston District on Tuesday, May 11, at St. John's Church, South Boston. Reports are expected from every corresponding secretary on the district; also addresses of interest. Sessions at 10 and 11. Basket lunch.
Mrs. EDWARD L. HYDE, Dist. Sec.

Acknowledgment for Famine Sufferers.

Previously acknowledged,	\$221.00
"For the starving little ones of India,"	1.00
Mrs. E. W. D. Newport, R. 1,	2.00
B. L. Newport, E. L.	2.00
C. M. M., Brockton, Mass.,	1.00
Mrs. C. L. A., South Byegate, Vt.,	2.00
Watertown, Mass.,	1.00
Junior League, Grace Church, Bangor, Me.,	1.00
Mrs. H. E. O., Athol, Mass.,	1.00
Woburn, Mass.,	1.00
Gardner, Mass.,	2.00
Mrs. A. G. S., New Bedford, Mass.,	5.00
Mrs. J. G., South Sudbury, Mass.,	1.00
Two young ladies, Campello, Mass.,	10.00
Junior League, Campello, Mass.,	10.00
C. A. and A. A., Camden, Me.,	5.00
J. E. W. and family, Camden, Me.,	5.00
A. M. M., Newburyport, Mass.,	3.00
Junior League, Warren St., Roxbury, Mass.,	4.00
Mrs. J. M. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.,	2.00
Mrs. D. W. S. and J. S., Berkley, Me.,	5.00
Mrs. N. M. S., Amesbury, Mass.,	3.00
A. C. and sisters, East Corinth, Me.,	2.00
"Easter Offering,"	10.00
H. P., Fitchburg, Vt.,	5.00
Ladies' prayer-meeting, Hatchinsonville, Mass.,	2.00
J. M. P., Melrose, Mass.,	1.00
E. W. P., Union, Me.,	2.00
Mrs. A. F. H., West Durham, Me.,	1.00
Total,	\$281.00

MARY M. HOLT, Treasurer.

4 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. - On Monday, May 10, at 10 a. m., in Bromfield St. Church, Rev. Dean George Hodges, D. D., of the Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, will give his address on "Christian Socialism." The public is invited.
WILL C. WOOD, Sec.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE CHURCH AID SOCIETY. - The annual meeting will be held in Room 21, Wesleyan Building, Boston, Wednesday, May 12, at 10 a. m. Churches wishing aid from the Society will be represented by their pastors at the above-mentioned time and place.
Geo. S. CHADBOURNE, Sec.

Butter Made in Two Minutes.

A neighbor of mine several days ago sent for one of those Lightning churns, which are sold by a firm over in Pennsylvania. After it came we went over to see it work. We were all surprised, for it made butter in two minutes just as they said it would, and the color was so nice, too. I sent for one, and since we have used it we would not be without it for three times its cost. The churn works so easy, and then we get more butter than did the old way. I can appreciate the new invention for it is so easy to use. It is to churn for an hour on a warm day. My son is making lots of money selling the churn in this township and he never sold anything before in his life. Those who want to make money easy can get full particulars from Dept. 4 of W. H. Baird & Co., 214 A. Pittsburg, Pa. Any one can make at least \$100 a month selling them, as every farmer who sees it work orders one.
A DAIRYMAN.

It is well that the Revised Version, in the three instances where "temperance" is spoken of (Acts 24: 25, Gal. 5: 22, 2 Peter 1: 6), has put in the margin the phrase, "self-control." This is more strictly expressive of the meaning of the original, and has a much wider range than the modern word "temperance." There is nothing which has more far-reaching applications, nothing is more essential to a satisfactory character, than complete self-control. That it is one of the fruits of the Spirit should be thoroughly recognized and strongly emphasized. For it is not very uncommon to see persons who claim to be filled with the Spirit unable to endure opposition with equanimity or to keep calm and happy in a spirited discussion, or to bear, without loss of patience and sweetness, some trifling disappointment or provocation. The complete control of the temper, of the lower propensities and impulses, by the higher potencies of the soul, is a very considerable attainment and very rarely witnessed. It pays to give it special attention.

A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE.

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, seek the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice. Free and post-paid, to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sinners' cure which anyone is free to accept. Address:
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Our Book Table.

Books and their Makers, During the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

This is the second instalment of a work dealing with the general subject, "Books and their Makers," and professing to be "a study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century." This it is exhaustively. The present volume opens with an interesting account of the early printing establishments of France which aided so materially to spread the light of the Renaissance and quicken the slumbering intellectual life of Europe. The growth of the Greek press is carefully traced, and the history of the great editions of the classics recounted, with many rare and curious details. In these learned and yet eminently readable pages our acquaintance with men like Cassaubon and Caxton, the Theophrasti, the Erasmus, Froben of Basel, and other old disseminators of literature and light, seems to become thorough, intimate and appreciative. By these scholarly labors Mr. Putnam performs an immense service to bibliography, and places the entire commonwealth of learning under obligation to him.

A History of Methodism in the United States. By James M. Buckley. Vol. II. New York: Christian Literature Co.

The early portion of the second volume of Dr. Buckley's "History of Methodism" deals with the antislavery agitation in the Annual Conferences of some of the Northern States, and finally in the General Conference of 1840 and 1844. Though the historian recounts the long series of exciting events with a philosophical coolness and a judicial impartiality and balance of judgment, never turning aside, no matter what the temptation, for a word of criticism or comment, but holding himself rigidly to the line of documentary evidence, his page seems to glow with the heat of warfare and to tremble with the irrepressible agitation of the time. All will see how powerless are the wisest and coolest of counselors when God "arise in judgment." It was possible — was even easy — then for good men to condemn such men as Matlack and Scott and Sunderland, and such papers as ZION'S HERALD and the Christian Advocate. No one calmly reviewing what has happened in the eventful interval of over fifty years would think of censure now. On the other hand, it is less difficult today than it was half a century ago to appreciate the position of Bishop Andrew and the Southern section of the church. The heirs of evil suffer from their inheritance, but they are not as wicked as their false position would seem to argue. The story of the Methodist Church, from the time of the great secession onwards, is admirably told by Dr. Buckley, and will amply repay perusal.

The Sister Martyrs of Kucheng. Memoirs and Letters of Eleanor and Elizabeth Saunders, of Melbourne. By D. M. Berry, A. M. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The memory of the tragic fate which befell the subjects of this interesting biography less than two years ago at Kucheng, China, is still fresh, and the author has done wisely not to allow it to fade before expounding more fully, through the correspondence of the heroines themselves, so grand an example of missionary enthusiasm, faith and fortitude. Such literature enriches the thought and life of the church, and offers to the thoughtless and indifferent world ample and convincing attestation of the vitality and power of the Christian religion. When, in 1895, Mr. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, visited Australia, his account of the success and glory of Gospel work in China fired the enthusiasm of Nellie and Topsy Saunders, and they never ceased to think of China and its needs till the desire of their hearts to go there was realized. Some of us have heard the strange story of the martyrdom of these noble girls from Miss Hartford, of the Methodist Episcopal Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It is told with fuller details in these memoirs. Read as a sequel to the letters of these devoted young women, it cannot fail to produce a lasting impression.

The Spirit-Filled Life. By Rev. John MacNeill. Chicago: The Bible Institute Colportage Association.

"The Spirit-Filled Life" is a careful study of the all-important doctrine of the Comforter, adapted to the popular need. Mr. MacNeill's reputation as a successful preacher and evangelist is widely known, and his published sermons have been extensively read. In giving this little book to the press through the persuasion of his friends, he establishes an additional claim to the gratitude of all lovers of an aggressive and triumphant Christianity. His clear expositions and warm-hearted and homely appeals will, it is hoped, be welcomed by thousands of readers.

The Aurora Borealis. By Alfred Angot, Honorary Meteorologist to the Central Meteorological Office of France. With Eighteen Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.75.

The achievements of Nansen in the polar area have given a sensible impetus to the study of polar phenomena. Anything unfolding the unique wonders of the Arctic world is likely to attract eager attention for some time to come. This circumstance makes the appearance of this

valuable volume of the "International Scientific Series" timely. Confining himself to a limited range of facts, M. Angot deals with his subject with mastery and skill. The reader, after perusing him, feels himself obliged to modify, or even to abandon, some of his theories of the polar auroras — aurora borealis and aurora australis — but he is abundantly compensated for the loss of some of his intellectual impedimenta by the additional comprehension he has gained of some of the most interesting mysterious secrets of the polar world.

The World and its People. Book VI. Life in Asia. By Mary Cate Smith. Edited by Larkin Dunton, L.L.D. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

It may be quite true that no person can be considered educated up to the high modern standard who has not extended his knowledge of the world and his acquaintance with its varied governments and institutions, its religions, languages, manners, customs, trade and commerce, by traveling. There are, however, those who go abroad "a-wool-gathering," like Sancho Panza, and "come home shorn," while others, like John Burroughs, sitting under the junipers of the Hudson, remain at home and by study and observation and the reading of well-selected books of geography and travel bring the whole animate and inanimate world to their own domestic circle. No book offers better assistance to this very desirable achievement than "The World and its People," with its superb illustrations. He who reads it will widen his horizon and be in the best sense a much-traveled man.

Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by G. G. Martin, with Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

Another volume in his best vein from that truly voluminous writer of the history of the First Napoleonic Empire. A contemporary of the events he recounts, an actor himself in many interesting scenes, Saint-Amand possesses an exceptional fitness for the task he undertakes. He displays the facility of the born historian in putting cause and consequences in their proper light and connection. The story of Louis Napoleon's home life and education; the series of political events that brought him into prominence; the exciting events of the banishment of Napoleon to Elba; the restoration; his visit to New York; his exile in England; the death of King Louis; the presidential election; the coup d'état and the opening glories of the Second Empire, are all vividly narrated. Other volumes are to complete the instructively sad tale, and illustrate the truth of the remark of Thomas à Kempis quoted at the beginning of the book: "Oh! how quickly passes the glory of the world!"

An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

It was hardly necessary to write an essay on comedy in so scholastic and philosophic a vein as to make the subject dry and difficult of comprehension by the ordinary lay intelligence; yet that is the thing accomplished here. "We should find ourselves about where the comic spirit would place us if we stand at middle distance between the inveterate opponents and the drum-and-bite supporters of comedy." And where is that? Would it not be easier to plant one's foot on the equator? Comedy has so often kept bad company that one doubts whether it is capable of attracting any other than "drum-and-bite supporters." "How did you enjoy the comedy?" asked Cardinal Richelieu of John De Werth, whom he had permitted to leave his prison to witness the burlesque. "Very well," replied De Werth, "but I was surprised to find the bishops at the comedy and the saints in prison." The allusion was to the saintly St. Cyrano whom Richelieu had incarcerated and whom De Werth had left behind in his cell.

The Well-Beloved. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

This is a Wessex character story, with the scenes located partly in London, but largely in South Wessex, England, on the English Channel. Joselyn Pierston, a young man of twenty, a sculptor of promise, is in pursuit of an intangible form which he calls the Well-Beloved, and which takes up its (or her) abode in one woman's form after another in a most fantastic and inconceivable manner, leading Pierston to love many, but none for long. On the late he meets Arice Caro, a beautiful but illiterate native, discovers his Well-Beloved in her, agrees to marry her, and then finds the Well-Beloved in another woman. Later he finds the ideal of his whimsical and semi-idiotic mind in another and yet in another.

The Froggy Fairy Book. By Anthony L. Drexel-Biddle. Illustrated by John R. Saxe. Drexel-Biddle & Bradley: 908 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. Biddle's "Froggy Fairy Book" is a narrative of a very novel but extremely interesting character, and admirably adapted, with its superb illustrations, for the entertainment of children.

An Allegory and Three Essays. By A. J. Drexel-Biddle. Drexel-Biddle & Bradley: Philadelphia.

In one portion of this small booklet the author uses allegory to enforce certain moral lessons with considerable success. In other portions he adopts a more serious and philosophic vein, but in either case expresses himself in a manner not unworthy of attention.

The Madeira Islands. By A. J. Drexel-Biddle. Drexel-Biddle & Bradley: Philadelphia.

This prettily-illustrated volume, which claims to be the first book on the Madeira Islands ever written by an American, shows the author to be possessed of an eye for exact observation and an entertaining manner of relating what he has

seen. The product of these gifts is a book of travel and historic fact and incident which many will read with a relish and value as a guide-book to one of the most famous health-resorts of the world.

Did the Pardon Come Too Late? By Maud B. Booth. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago.

This is a tale, told with considerable pathos, a well-educated young man who allowed himself to be caught in the meshes of temptation, became a criminal, was reclaimed in prison mainly by the efforts of the author when a Salvation Army officer, and died just when, by the same friendly intervention, his pardon had been obtained.

Bethlehem: A Children's Rhyme of the Olden Time. By H. L. Hastings. Scriptural Tract Repository: Boston.

"Bethlehem" is a truly delightful book for little children. It is a rhymed paraphrase of the old, old story, and the fascinating jingle of the narrative will induce many a little one to seek acquaintance with the facts of the Gospels who otherwise might remain in ignorance of them. The book is adorned with many beautiful illustrations.

Magazines.

—Harper's Magazine for May has its usual variety and excellence of matter in both text and illustration. Casper Whitney opens with "Cross Country Riding," with "A Hunt-Breakfast Anecdote" for a frontispiece. The illustrations are of the riders on their horses, showing the noble animals at their best. "A Few Native Orchids" is by the late William Hamilton Gibson. Poulton Bigelow gives the seventh instalment of "White Man's Africa" under the sub-head, "The White Man's Black Man." Henry Smith Williams, M. D., has a striking and valuable article on the "Geological Progress of the Century." The number contains several minor stories and brief poems, with the monthly record and editorial tables. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

—The May Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly abounds, as usual, in striking illustrations and in brief, popular articles. Perhaps the most noticeably interesting one is "Some American Castles," by John P. Ritter. The castles are those of millionaires along the Hudson. The illustrations furnish views of Blerstad's ruined castle, Lyndenhurst, the country seat of the Gould family, Forest Castle, "Herrick's Folly," Whitelaw Reid's Ophir Farm, Tilden's Greystones, Rockefeller Castle, and Belvoir. In the "American Universities and Colleges" series the seventh article contains a description of the "University of Minnesota," including an account of its professors and pupils and views of its buildings. Besides brief stories, the number presents views in "Constantinople's Streets" and an account of the three invasions of Korea by the Japanese. (Frank Leslie's Publishing House: New York.)

—The New England Historical and Genealogical Register for April comes charged with the usual amount of historical and genealogical matter. The number opens with a sketch of Charles Stewart Davies, with a full-page portrait, and further on has a "Memoir of the Late William P. Kuhn." There are, also, interesting notices and data of the Holden, Allen, Williams, Curtis, Langley, and Woodward families. The number is charged with many other items of curious or useful information. The valuable "Genealogical Gleanings in England," by Mr. Henry F. Waters, are continued in this number. (New England Historic Genealogical Society: Boston.)

—Music for April has an attractive table of contents. The number is excellent in both quality and variety. Egbert Swaine leads in "The Boy, Hans von Buelow, as Seen in his Letters." Emile Louis Atherton continues "John Barrington, Jr." Edwin Hall Pierce

has "A Suggestion for American Composers," and the editor describes an "Interview with Mr. David Bispham." Solomon Henry Thinker's article, on "Some New York Musicians," is interesting in its descriptions and illustrations, making the reader acquainted with new names and facts. There is a full description of "Joseph Alley's Enharmonic Organ," and another on "Modern Chromatic Harmony." (Music Magazine Publishing Company: 1402-S Auditorium Tower, Chicago.)

—The Quarterly Journal of Economics for April contains five solid and able articles no student of economics can afford to pass unnoticed. Charles F. Dunbar shows "The Safety of the Legal Tender Paper;" F. S. Crum discusses "The Birth-Rate in Massachusetts;" Edward Cummings shows the ill success of "Co-operative Stores in the United States;" C. M. Walsh considers the influence of "The Steadily Approaching Standard" on business; and Charles S. Griffin studies the problem of "The Taxation on Sugar in the United States." The articles are able, learned and timely. (Geo. H. Ellis: 341 Franklin Street, Boston.)

SAVE THE BABIES BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

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Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D.

President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.

"For some time I have been using **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in the preparation of ARTIFICIAL FOOD FOR INFANTS. Cow's milk is the substitute usually resorted to when the mother is not able to suckle her child and it is impossible to get a wet nurse. One serious objection, along with many others, to cow's milk, is its acidity. Human milk is always alkaline, but cow's milk, except when the animal is fed entirely upon grass, is almost always acid. This is the principal reason why the milk of cows disagrees with many babies, and lime water is often added to the milk to correct the acidity. I believe the long-continued use of lime water is hurtful to digestion, and last summer, when I was feeding two of my own children on cow's milk, and found the nurse adding lime water to prevent colic and intestinal derangement, which the food otherwise produced, I directed her to use

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER SPRING No. 2 in preparing the food, with immediate and continued good results. The water was added until the milk lost its acidity and was neutral or alkaline."

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Obituaries.

Wonsow.—Susan (Parsons) Wonsow was born Dec. 28, 1807, and died at her home in Gloucester, Mass., April 13, 1897.

Mrs. Wonsow was converted in the great awakening in Gloucester in the spring of 1839, under the labors of Rev. E. M. Beebe. She united with the church on probation May 5, 1839, and was received into full membership Nov. 24 of the same year. For some years she shared the distinction with her sister, Matilda Terr—whose obituary appeared in the issue of April 15—of being one of the two oldest members of the Prospect Street Church.

On January 15, 1859, she was united in marriage with Wm. H. Wonsow, who was summoned home two years before her. She leaves a brother and a sister, five children, and children's children to the third generation who "arise up and call her blessed."

She has been a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD since 1844, keeping well informed concerning the work of the church even after she was unable to reach the house of worship. She was unclouded and her spirit remarkably serene. She came peacefully to the end, and death had for her no terror. "Her works praise her in the gates."

Bennett.—Mrs. Mary Jane (Wiggin) Bennett was born in Shirley, Maine, Aug. 11, 1842, and died in Lowell, Mass., April 11, 1897.

When grown to young womanhood she became a school-teacher in Guilford, Me. She moved to Lowell, Mass., in 1862, and the next year united with the Worthen St. M. E. Church, of which she remained a member until her death. For years she lived in the home of Hon. Jeremiah Clark, and here she was united in marriage with Mr. John C. Bennett, hardware merchant in Lowell, March 2, 1870. Their four noble sons are: Ernest L. Bennett, U. S. N., Chap. H., John A. and Clark W. These with Adelaide F., a daughter of Mr. Bennett by a former marriage, deeply mourn the loss of their mother.

Mrs. Bennett was a devoted mother. Both by example and precept she tried to train her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her name to them is and ever will be as an ointment poured forth. She was also a loving and devoted wife, ever careful for her husband's good. She made home attractive by her presence and labors. As a Christian she was humble and consistent. In her life the milder graces were the most apparent. She was quiet, kind, and remarkably even in disposition.

Perhaps her choicest gift was patience. Of this she had great need, for her last sickness was of a painful and lingering character. Never once did she murmur or complain about her lot, but trustfully committed her case to Him who doeth all things well. She passed away in the triumph of faith. Her body was laid to rest in Edson Cemetery.

Besides the relatives already mentioned, she leaves a step-mother, one brother and four sisters. To all these and to many friends her memory is blessed.

E. T. COLEMAN.

Pickering.—Mrs. Samuel F. Pickering died in Boston, Mass., at Hotel Florence, where she had been living several years, aged 74 years.

Mrs. Pickering was formerly connected with the church on North Beant and Hanover Sts., and at Cambridge, Wilbraham and Auburndale. Many former students at Wilbraham will remember her as keeping the store next to the boarding-house.

For two years or more she had been blind. She was kindly cared for by her daughter, Harriet Pickering. Her love for the church continued to the end. Her funeral was attended by a few old-time friends.

E. W. V.

Rich.—Hartley S. Rich was born in Jay, Me., June 6, 1864, and died at Southern Pines, N. C., March 13, 1897, aged 32 years, 9 months, and 7 days.

Mr. Rich united with the M. E. Church at Livermore Falls at the age of seventeen. He entered the school at Kent's Hill at eighteen and attended two terms, but failing health took him from the school at that time. Out-door air and exercise for a few years seemed to quite restore his health.

He was married to Miss Maud Searles, Sept. 12, 1891. In the spring of '92 he went into business in Boston, continuing until December, 1894, when on account of poor health he went to Southern Pines, N. C., where he lived winters until he finished his life-work. He made a heroic fight for life, and with the best medical skill he could get, aided by the tender care of a loving wife and the warm climate of the South, no doubt his life was prolonged; but death came and found him ready. His years were but few on earth, but they were years of much fruit gathered from the tree of life. He matured early for heaven. Born of Christian parents, early converted to God, and married to a Christian lady, he had a good foundation for a useful life. While in the South he taught a Sunday-school class, and his voice was always heard in song and testimony in the house of God when his health permitted him to be there. Truly it may be said of him, "He was faithful unto death."

Retiring in nature, but bold in the service of God; faithful to his obligations, both to God and man; tried, trusted and found to be true, he was a Christian gentleman loved by all who knew him. We mourn his early death, but heaven is richer for his presence. May Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon the dear ones left on this side the river!

C. A. S.

Pottle.—The Methodist of Farmington, Me., has sustained a great loss in the promotion of Almer W. Pottle to the higher service of heaven, Feb. 26, 1897. He was born Nov. 5, 1860, in Freeman, Maine.

The family moved to Strong, where in early life he gave himself to the work and faith of Christian life. Later, for the purposes of an education and business life, he came to Farmington, which has been his home ever since, with the exception of an absence of two years spent in the West. While at Farmington he met Miss Florence Fowler, of Albion, Maine, whom he married Nov. 19, 1885.

Realizing that his close application to business was undermining his health and strength, he, with his wife, went to Albion for a few weeks of quiet and rest. Soon after their arrival he was seized with a fatal attack of typhoid fever.

Though a young man, he had become the leading druggist of his town and county, conducting his business strictly according to the letter and spirit of the laws of our State. Prosperous financially, he was a liberal giver to all the various needs and enterprises of the church. He was a faithful steward, a successful Sunday-school superintendent, a much-loved teacher in the Sunday-school, a strong helper in social services, a noble man, a true Christian.

He was an ideal husband, and in his home life he was both fortunate and happy. To his wife—than whom none better could be given to any

man—and four beautiful children, for whose welfare he manifested a thoughtfulness and love and Christian spirit belonging to a true Christian, father and husband, the loss is unspeakable.

The funeral services were appropriate and impressive. The church was well filled with business men, who had closed their stores because of a sense of their personal loss and their respect for the business power and integrity of the life so quickly cut off from its labor and usefulness. Rev. W. F. Berry, a personal friend and former pastor of the deceased, assisted the resident pastor in the services. We do not mourn as those who have no hope or comfort.

W. B. DUKESHAIR.

Wareham.—Mrs. Lenora Pierce Wareham died at Livermore Falls, Me., Feb. 8, 1897, aged 77 years.

Mrs. Wareham gave her heart to the Lord in her early youth. For a long series of years the writer has been intimately acquainted with her and found her to be an active and useful member of the M. E. Church, giving of her time, money and influence for the advancement and building up of the cause. Mr. Wareham was an earnest Christian, often startling the nervous with his shouts and hallelujahs.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. A. Southard. Mrs. Wareham leaves a husband, the church, and numerous friends and relatives, to mourn her departure.

W. H. FORTER.

Martin.—Bradstreet Martin died in Detroit, Maine, Feb. 16, 1897, aged 70 years.

Mr. Martin had long been a resident of the town and was ever regarded as a just and upright citizen. He was a good neighbor and friend, possessing great kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition which endeared him to all.

He publicly professed faith in Christ many years ago and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a member at his death. His end was peaceful, and he rested in the promises of Jesus and peacefully passed from earth in good hope of the realization of heaven.

He leaves behind to mourn their loss a cherished companion and devoted children. But there are hopes as well as memories, and surviving kindred are assured of a glad reunion in the heavenly world.

W. L. BROWN.

Lane.—Mrs. Avien Crockett Lane was born in Greenwood, Maine, March 22, 1837, and died at Gorham, N. H., Feb. 16, 1897, aged 59 years and nearly 11 months.

Mrs. Lane was from early girlhood interested in religious matters, although she did not join the church till after her marriage. She was finally converted alone in her home, while engaged in reading her Bible.

April 18, 1856, she married Jonas W. Lane, with whom she lived in happy union for nearly forty-one years. At their home in Gorham the minister always found a welcome. Mr. Lane in his declining years is left alone. May the God of all grace sustain and comfort him in his lonely hours!

In 1882 Mrs. Lane joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Gorham, and since then has always been interested in its welfare. She was a faithful attendant at its services till lameness and illness compelled her to remain at home. Her last sickness was long and severe, but she bore all with Christlike patience. As, step by step, she came nearer the end, her hope of heaven was bright, her confidence in Jesus strong, and her faith in God firm. She often said, "I want to go to be with Jesus and the loved ones gone before." She has been laid at rest to await the glad resurrection morn.

G. L. LOWE.

Murch.—Oliver Murch, Esq., was born in Baldwin, Me., Dec. 4, 1825, and died, March 24, 1897.

When a youth he received a fair education, and through the influence of his parents formed habits of industry and study which resulted in a successful life.

At the age of thirty-eight he married Lucy Ann Flint. Their home was brightened by the coming of four sons and one daughter, all present at the father's funeral. Sept. 12, 1878, a dark shadow rested over the home and a deep sorrow came into his life when his sainted wife was removed by death from his side. Late in the following year he married his present wife, R. D. Chase, who has proved an excellent helpmate in all his cares and a wise and kind mother to his children.

Since his youth he had taken a great interest in town and State politics. For several years he was selectman, and town treasurer for six years. He was also elected a member of the legislature in 1857. The public schools of the town have been greatly improved in grade of teachers, etc., through his untiring efforts. For about forty years he had been a trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for many years chairman of that board, ever jealously guarding her interests and befriending her ministers. Many years ago he united with the Masonic fraternity, and has ever since been a worthy member of Green-

leaf Lodge of Cornish. Never were the principles of Masonry better and more fully exemplified than in the daily life of Mr. Murch. He was a most benevolent man; his home was ever open and table spread for the poor. For many years he has been the proprietor of the Pequot House. His affable manner, genial face, and sharp wit will be remembered by the hundreds of boarders who were guests at this house. At the time of his death and for many years back he was trial justice and justice of the peace, and chairman of the Republican committee of the town. Truly, a great man has fallen, and the vacancy made by his death will be hard to fill.

The funeral occurred at the church, which was crowded, the pastor preaching an appropriate sermon from James 4:10. The many letters of condolence sent his widow in her deep sorrow have been very timely and highly appreciated.

L.

Pierce.—Isaiah P. Pierce was born in Windor, Maine, March 17, 1808, and died in the same town, March 28, 1897, aged 89 years and 11 days.

When very young he married Eliza Turner, daughter of Rev. Richard Turner, and they commenced life in what was then a wilderness. Mr. Pierce cut the first trees and made the first clearing on the farm where he spent his long and remarkable, if uneventful, life.

When a young man he gave his heart to Christ and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he continued for more than sixty years a useful and beloved member, serving as Sunday-school superintendent and official member with wisdom and efficiency.

Eleven children came to swell and strengthen the ties of the home circle, nine of whom are still living, while two and the beloved wife and mother preceded the husband and father to their heavenly home. Six of the children were present at the funeral services.

Mr. Pierce was a true man, a kind husband, a loving father, an honored citizen, an earnest Christian, the friend and co-laborer of Methodist preachers. He was able to attend the services of the church until within six years of his death.

The funeral was conducted by an old and dear friend, Rev. Elias Wilson, of China, Me., who had labored with him in the vineyard of the Lord many years ago.

A good man who has loved and wrought for the Master through the most interesting and important period of the history of mankind has passed to his eternal reward.

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THE BISHOPS AT PROVIDENCE.

THESE honored and revered servants of the church are treated with marked consideration everywhere, but Providence Methodism was unusually genial and hospitable. All the Bishops were present except Bishops Joyce and Goodsell, Bishop Fitzgerald returning from Mexico just in time to be present at this semi-annual meeting. The sessions of the council of the Bishops are private — and very properly so, for together they review their work and discuss the most delicate and embarrassing questions of episcopal administration. The arrangement of the Episcopal Plan for the Fall Conference was one of the most important matters under consideration. It is well known, too, that the Bishops give faithful, judicious and often anxious consideration to the cases of ministers who have been "hung up" at the sessions of the Annual Conferences without appointments, and who are waiting to be stationed.

The general Methodist public of Providence and vicinity had, on three occasions, opportunities to see and hear the Bishops. A public reception was given to them by the Methodist Social Union of Providence on Friday evening at the "Trocadero," which the writer was privileged to attend, and which proved to be in all respects a pleasant, well-managed and interesting occasion. The "Trocadero" is a structure built especially for banqueting occasions, and is unrivaled in the elegance and comfort of its appointments. The arrangements for the reception were in charge of an efficient committee, consisting of J. E. C. Farnham, H. A. Fifield, S. H. Bailey, F. H. Maynard, Rev. F. D. Blakeslee and Charles E. Hancock. Harmon S. Babcock, Esq., the president of the Union, presided at the tables in the upper hall. During the evening the Philharmonic Ladies' Orchestra, under the leadership of Earl H. Leavitt, rendered a very enjoyable program of music, which was liberally rewarded with applause. The presiding elders of the New England Southern Conference, Revs. E. C. Bass, D. D., Geo. H. Bates and T. J. Everett, and many ministers of the Conference, including Drs. D. A. Whedon, M. J. Talbot and W. V. Morrison, were present. Bishop Foster said grace, and Bishop Bowman offered prayer. President Babcock introduced Bishop Newman to speak for his colleagues, with a graceful reference to the gratification experienced by Providence Methodism in having the Bishops for guests, and with a forceful reference to the contrast between the beginnings of Methodism and its present enlargement.

Bishop Newman was remarkably happy and impressive in his address. He said, in part: "Rhode Island comes down in history fragrant with memories that inspire liberty and call forth the gratitude of our hearts. I have been acquainted with some of your distinguished men. Burnside, that splendid soldier, a magnificent man on horseback; whether on parade or in battle, he was the ideal soldier. There was the great Senator, great as a litterateur and great as a speaker. Senator Anthony was there in the palmy days of the Senate, when Sumner, the Apollo Belvidere, and Roscoe Conkling, familiar with all the technicalities of an honorable profession, and Oliver P. Morton, that war Governor, were there. He was the Roman of the Romans. He was one of the most classical of thinkers and one of the most classical of speakers. We who were associated with him in the United States Senate remember his eloquence. In the proprieties of language he excelled. Another who will remain long after the bronze has melted, is Senator Aldrich, who has the courage to stand by protection. He ranks with Charles Sumner, Daniel Webster, James G. Blaine, among the sons of New England." The speaker then told of the inspiration there was in coming to the city where the creative genius was so developed as it was in Providence. The manufactures and manufacturing element dominated the city. Were the inhabitants of Mars to come here, situated as were Adam and Eve before the fall, they would find everything in the city of Providence. It was a world in miniature. Here they could be entertained and clothed. But the creative genius here displayed was working an injury that must be overcome. The demand of this country is for a new market, and it must be by a spread of Christian civilization. Half of Asia was naked and hungry, and there were similar conditions elsewhere; what was needed was a creation of human wants. This was a problem

for statement, and its solution was the spread of Christian civilization.

The Bishop said that, in coming to Rhode Island, that which suggested itself to his mind was the idea of individuality. It was the right to private judgment as represented by that immortal man, Roger Williams. Replying to the remarks of the president on Methodism, the speaker said: "You, sir, attribute the success of the church to the power of adaptability. No one will dispute you." He then said the power of Methodism was the great doctrine of individual regeneration, consecration and holiness, which Methodism has always magnified. We glory in our great numbers and we are justified in feeling some reasonable sense of gratification, but the success of any denomination must not be measured by the arithmetic. Mohammed and Buddha each have more followers than Methodism. All hail to our educational institutions, so many, so strong, so potent in influence! But intellectual power is not the real strength and glory of a church; it may be prostituted to unholly purposes. All honor to our beneficence and our charities, aggregating more than twenty-five millions annually; but this is not the crown of our denomination. All honor to our press, which is so able and so alert; but the printed page, though a miracle of multiplied and multiplying power in this wonderful age, is not the chief element of influence among us. The dynamic of Methodism is a holy life, born of the Holy Ghost as preached by the apostles and re-uttered and incarnated by John Wesley and all of his faithful followers. This is the life and hope of Methodism, and upon this only can the church rely for a still greater future.

Sermons by the Bishops on Sunday.

At Haven Church Bishop Fowler preached from 1 Tim. 4: 8: "Godliness is profitable unto all things," his theme being, "Godliness Pays." 1. The investment; 2. The returns. These thoughts were dwelt on at length, and the sermon is described as one of great eloquence and power.

At the Tabernacle Bishop Mellalieu preached from 2 Cor. 2: 16: "Who is sufficient for these things?" his general theme being, "The Power of God to Cause us to Triumph over all Obstacles, Difficulties, and Dangers." It was a sermon well calculated to inspire the struggling band at this church.

At Washington Park Church Bishop Warren preached from John 3: 16. A full abstract of this able sermon will appear in the next issue.

At the Mathewson St. Church Bishop Hurst was the preacher. An abstract of this strong and thoughtful discourse will be published next week.

Bishop Andrews was the preacher at Asbury Church, his text being John 10: 10: "I am come that they might have life." His theme was, "The More Abundant Life in Christ." It could not have been natural life, for in many cases it would be an injury to the soul to continue this earthly life. Spiritual life is the boon promised in the text. This life is found only in Christ, life here and hereafter. More abundant is the rich promise of the Gospel.

At Trinity Church a union service was held, in which Trinity, Cranston St. and Chestnut St. united, Bishop Fitzgerald being the preacher. His theme was, "Faith with Christ." Christ died to the world, to pleasure, and to sin; we should be dead in the same sense and alive unto God. The sermon was greatly enjoyed by a good audience.

At St. Paul's Bishop Walden preached, taking his text from Heb. 2: 5, 9: "Thou hast put all things under his feet." His theme was, "The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ." Broadway was favored with the ministrations of the venerable Bishop Bowman, whose theme was, "The Hidden Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price." The sermon is described as "touching, tender, sweet and helpful." The thought presented was, "How to Live," and, as a result, "How to Die."

At Hope St., Bishop Merrill preached an able and interesting sermon.

At Pawtucket there was a union service of the First, Thomsen and Central Falls churches, and Bishop McCabe preached from the text, "A little one shall become a thousand." Only a full report could do justice to this sermon, the thought presented being "Humility," and what God does for the humble in the way of growth; also the rate of increase in growth, the Scripture percentage being 30 to 60 and 100 fold.

Bishop Vincent preached with great acceptance at a union service of the churches of Taunton, and Bishop Ninde at Dorchester, Mass., as noted elsewhere.

The closing public services connected with the visit of the Bishops took place in the Mathewson St. Church, Monday evening, May 3, a reception being tendered by the ministers of Providence and vicinity, to which the members of the churches and congregations were invited. Rev. M. S. Kaufman, Ph. D., pastor of the church, presided, and in fitting words welcomed the Bishops on behalf of the Methodists of the city and vicinity. Bishop McCabe responded, in a characteristic speech of great interest and power. He said: We have a membership of nearly 3,000,000, and there are more Methodists than Roman Catholics. With sixteen Bishops we supervise all our work; and the Bishops during the past week have been busy men, reviewing the work of the past and planning for the future. He spoke of the great work of Church Extension. Our Church Extension Board is now aiding in the erection of ten churches every week, the grand work being accomplished by the Loan Fund, now amounting to more than \$1,000,000, to be used in aiding churches to the end of time. He gave many reminiscences of his own work in securing gifts to this fund, and the evident hand of God in the work, commending it as one of the grandest agencies for the evangelization of our nation. He desired the congregation to realize how fast our church is growing. We have gained more than 1,000,000 members in twelve years. The great battle for the right proceeds with the Methodist Episcopal Church at the front. We have gained in the last twelve years 102,000 Sunday-school teachers; we have built 6,500 churches, accommodating over a million worshippers. The work of Methodism is enchanting to members of other denominations, and he instanced some who were contributing liberally to our work. We can multiply our work by adopting God's plan of church finance. We ought to give to God at least \$60,000,000 instead of \$24,000,000 as now. We all ought to give one-tenth of our income to God. He urged the Epworth League to such a consecration of heart and life to God as would lead to self-denial. In closing, he congratulated the Mathewson St. Church on its splendid edifice, and the Methodists of Providence on the bright outlook.

Bishops Merrill, Andrews, Ninde, Walden,

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Vincent and Fitzgerald followed with appropriate remarks. A song by Bishop McCabe and a season of handshaking closed the program. The visit of the Bishops has been a benediction to the churches and will be felt after many days.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION FOR 1897.

Part II (June-January).

[Each Bishop will hold the Conferences which appear under his name.]

MERRILL.	
Central Swedish,	Sept. 1
West Wisconsin,	" 15
Southern Illinois,	" 15
Rock River,	Oct. 6
ANDREWS.	
Erie,	Sept. 3
East Ohio,	" 15
Atlantic Miss. Conf.,	Oct. 1
North Carolina,	" 1
Blue Ridge,	Walkertown, " 13
WARREN.	
Northwest German,	Garner, Ia., Sept. 9
Chicago German,	Hipon, " 16
Wisconsin,	Marion, Wash., " 20
Upper Iowa,	Dubuque, " 20
Dakota,	Mitchell, " 13
FOSB.	
Idaho,	Caldwell, Aug. 10
Columbia River,	Portland, Ore., " 16
Puget Sound,	Everett, Wash., " 16
N. Norwegian & Danish,	Portland, Ore., " 16
Oregon,	Carroll, Ore., " 16
North Pacific German,	Spokane, Wash., " 20

HURST.	
Central German,	Columbus, O., Sept. 8
Central Illinois,	Canon, Ill., " 15
Minnesota,	Winona, " 15
North Minnesota,	Fergus Falls, Oct. 6
North German,	Arlington, Minn., " 14
NINDE.	
Black Hills, Minn.,	Rapid City, Aug. 26
Northwest Nebraska,	Crawford, Sept. 1
Nebraska,	York, " 8
West Nebraska,	Lexington, " 22
North Nebraska,	Schuyler, " 29
WALDEN.	
Northwest Indiana,	Lebanon, Sept. 8
Illinois,	Knoxville, " 15
Northwest Iowa,	Ida Grove, " 22
Genesee,	Buffalo, Oct. 6
Central New York,	Watertown, " 13

MALLALIEU.	
Cincinnati,	Springfield, Sept. 1
Kentucky,	Pineville, " 8
Central Ohio,	Leipsic, " 22
West Virginia,	Morgantown, " 29
FOWLER.	
Indiana,	Indianapolis, Sept. 15
Holston,	Athens, " 22
East Tennessee,	Chattanooga, " 29
Central Tennessee,	Nashville, Oct. 7
Tennessee,	" 13

VINCENT.	
St. Louis German,	Sept. 1
Norwegian & Danish,	Forest City, " 9
Kalamazoo,	" 15
Michigan,	Bellevue, " 22
North Ohio,	Washington, Pa., " 29
Pittsburg,	" 29

FITZGERALD.	
West German,	Sept. 3
Iowa,	Oskaloosa, " 9
Western Swedish,	Des Moines, " 16
Des Moines,	Guthrie Centre, " 22
NEWMAN.	
Nevada,	Reno, Sept. 2
California German,	San Francisco, " 9
California,	Pacific Grove, " 16
Southern California,	Los Angeles, " 22
Arizona,	Prescott, Oct. 7

MCBARR.	
Colorado,	Colorado Springs, Aug. 26
Wyoming, Miss.,	Laramie, Sept. 2
Utah,	Salt Lake City, " 9
New Mexico,	English, Albuquerque, " 22
Spanish, Idaho,	Idaho Falls, Oct. 7
Oklahoma,	" 14

CRANSTON.	
Montana,	Butte, Aug. 19
North Montana Miss.,	Chinook, " 26
North Swedish,	Idaho Falls, Sept. 2
Detroit,	Port Huron, " 15
Ohio,	Washington, " 29

Full list of Foreign Conferences next week.

VINCENT.	
St. Louis,	Sept. 1
Forest City,	" 9
Kalamazoo,	" 15
Bellevue,	" 22
Washington, Pa.,	" 29

FITZGERALD.	
West German,	Sept. 3
Oskaloosa,	" 9
Des Moines,	" 16
Guthrie Centre,	" 22

NEWMAN.	
Reno,	Sept. 2
San Francisco,	" 9
Pacific Grove,	" 16
Los Angeles,	" 22
Prescott,	Oct. 7

MCBARR.	
Colorado Springs,	Aug. 26
Laramie,	Sept. 2
Salt Lake City,	" 9
English, Albuquerque,	" 22
Idaho Falls,	Oct. 7
Washington,	" 29

CRANSTON.	
Butte,	Aug. 19
Chinook,	" 26
Idaho Falls,	Sept. 2
Port Huron,	" 15
Washington,	" 29

Full list of Foreign Conferences next week.

Babies
Thrive On It.

Gail Borden
Eagle Brand
Condensed Milk.

LITTLE BOOK "INFANT HEALTH" SENT FREE.
Should be in Every House.

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MORPHINE AND OPIUM
habits cured. Positive antidote, safe and painless. Will treat at home if desired. References. For particulars address,
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For Nervous Invalids Only.
"The Nervine," Burlington, Vermont. Dr. A. J. Willard, Yale '78, U. S. M. '77. References and full information furnished.

8% Municipal Warrants Safest short time paper earning 8% to 9%
E. Strahorn & Co., Equitable Building, Boston

33d ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Chartered 1862. (Stock.) Life & Accident Insurance
JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

January 1, 1897.
PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00

ASSETS - \$90,896,684.63
LIABILITIES - 17,990,960.67
SURPLUS to Policy-holders - \$72,905,723.96

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Number Life Policies written, 90,470
Life Insurance in force, \$88,243,267.00
New Life Insurance written in 1896, 11,941,012.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the computed value thereof as required by law.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.
Number Accident Policies written, 2,338,186
Number Accident Claims paid in 1896, 14,163
Whole number Accident Claims paid, \$92,379
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896, \$1,378,077.90
Returned to Policy-holders since 1894, 19,828,189.13

Returned to Policy-holders in 1896, \$2,602,014.86
Returned to Policy-holders since 1894, 31,743,954.31

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Asst. Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. R. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adj. Asst.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.
R. F. WOODMAN, General Agent.
Cor. State and Kilby Sts., Boston.

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BLACK MOUSSELINE DE SOIE,
BLACK CHIFFON,
Also CHIFFON in white, cream, lilac, cardinal, greens, Nile, pink and blue, worth \$1.00 per yard, at

Only 75c. Yard.

Not Over 2 Yards to a Customer.

CREAM ORIENTAL LACES, for neck and sleeve trimming, worth 19c., per yard, at - - - **12c.**

Ruchings.
NECK RUCHINGS, in black and colors
ALL READY TO WEAR, at
25c., 29c., 39c., 50c.

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Millinery, Dry and Fancy Goods,
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SIMPLICITY—
Easily adjusted, and won't get out of order.

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Does the most work with least effort.

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Wears longest, with least repairs.

STYLE—
Is an ornament to any home.

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